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Susan Ward.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. SUSAN HOWARD,

LATE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MISSION.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HER

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

BY WILLIAM CHAPIN,

PRINCIPAL OF THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.

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PREFACE.

In this little volume will be found the simple and unaffected evidences of a devoted Christian spirit; the meek and quiet records of one who loved her Saviour, and whose highest desire and cherished hope to the last was, that she might *do* and *suffer* her Master's will. She was deeply imbued with a *missionary* spirit; her longing wish was to be engaged in active missionary labor. If the Lord did not fully satisfy her thirsting soul in this respect, she was at least called into situations and circumstances of trial and privation that gave the highest evidences of her faith and unreserved consecration to the cause of her Redeemer.

The filial and devoted affection constantly manifested by Mrs. Howard, in her letters, toward her parents, sisters, and brothers, will find a warm response in every heart. They are also worthy of admiration on account of their mere literary merits. Although written without a distant thought of their publication, yet they will be found to be beautiful and natural specimens of a chaste epistolary style.

The compiler trusts that they may be the means of awakening and cherishing in the hearts of others a love of piety, and those sweet and comparatively unappreciated Christian graces, resignation under trials, and also of commending the duties of a devoted and constant affection to parents; one of the lovely virtues which adorn the Christian character.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. SUSAN HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage of Mrs. Howard—Early conversion—Her marriage with Mr. Knight—Removal to Morristown, N. J.—Extracts from her letters—Spiritual enjoyment.

Mrs. Susan Howard was born in the city of New-York, on the 24th of March, 1815. She was the second daughter of Mr. Andrew C. and Mrs. Harriet Wheeler, who have long been known and beloved for their active labors in the church, and in various departments of Christian benevolence. They had four sons and three other daughters. The latter all united early with the church of Christ.

Mrs. Howard experienced religion in her thirteenth year. An amiable and most affectionate child from infancy, she became from this tender age a meek, humble, and consistent follower of her Saviour.

On the 11th of June, 1834, at the age of nineteen, she was married to Mr. William Knight, and left her parents' roof to reside near Morristown, New-Jersey. The following letters, written after this period, discover the ease and gracefulness of her style in letter writing, and that devoted affection for her parents which animated her heart as long as she lived :—

"Morristown, June 16th, 1834.

"My Beloved Parents,—I hasten to allay the anxiety which my heart tells me you must feel on my account, by assuring you of my welfare and happiness ; and by telling you that though absent in the body, and deprived of the inestimable privilege of enjoying your society, yet a sacred thrill of pleasure—of mixed emotions—pervades my soul whenever these words are mentioned—father, mother! O how fraught with interest is the very sound of them! When my heart is led in retrospect to review past scenes and former enjoyments at home, what an overwhelming sense of gratitude arises within me for the mercies of my God in giving me so many sources of happiness!

"Dear father, dear mother! believe me, I realize now, if I never did before, how much I owe you. I cannot for a moment think of all your love and care toward me, but my full heart is ready to burst with gratitude. And ever since I have been here,

I can truly say my most consolatory moments have been passed when kneeling at the throne of grace, and imploring that all the prayers you have for so many years offered up for your children may return with tenfold blessings upon your own heads. And I believe my heavenly Father will hear the prayer.

"Doubtless you desire to know something of my arrival. It was about four o'clock when the stage left us at the door, and with a beating heart I entered. We were soon conducted up to mother K——. She kissed me, wept over me, and gave me such a cordial, feeling reception as to fill me immediately with the hope and the delightful sensation that in her I should find for the future a *second beloved mother*. Methinks I see your eyes fill with tears at such a pleasing prospect for your daughter. Yes, my parents, with the blessing of God, I think I shall be very happy here. As yet that distressing complaint, *home sickness*, has not been felt, nor *thought* of.

"How lovely the country is! how delightful the fresh, balmy air! and how soothing to the mind the stillness which surrounds us! These, with the new circumstances in which I am placed—the new character which I sustain—have a tendency to buoy up my mind and support me under my removal from the paternal home.

. . . . I must now close, by assuring you

that my heart clings with fervor to the home of my youth; and absence only strengthens my attachment for our dearly-loved family.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"SUSAN KNIGHT."

The following letter was written to her father, who was at this time a member of the New-York Legislature, at Albany:—

"MORRISTOWN, N. J., Feb. 21st, 1835.

"MY DEAR, KIND FATHER,—I realized, most sensibly, at the reception of your letter, how foolish my fears had been, that you would forget me. This was a gratifying proof to my heart, that even surrounded as you were by public affairs of importance, and occupations calculated to wean the thoughts from inferior objects, yet, notwithstanding all, my father selected an opportunity, in this active, busy time, to send a token of remembrance to his absent, though affectionate daughter.

"This first epistle from the hand of a beloved father shall be hoarded up as a sacred treasure, and shall also serve as a stimulant to my hope, that for the future I may enjoy many happy moments in perusing and reperusing fresh proofs of a father's love and remembrance.

"I have rejoiced to hear of the success that has attended your career; and that when occasions have been found to test *principles*, *yours* were as

firm as a rock—steadfast and immovable. The consciousness of rectitude and integrity yields a satisfaction which the immoral and the unprincipled have no conception of. Is it not so, my father? My prayer is, that the Lord will continue to direct your steps, and that you, as his faithful servant, may be enabled unceasingly to acknowledge him in all your ways.

"How are you pleased with the city of Albany? Do you find its charms and attractions an equivalent for the endearments and social enjoyments of *home?* No! methinks I hear you say,

> 'My home!—how sweet the sound—my home!
> Scene of my Eden hours;
> Where love, and joy, and pleasure bloom,—
> Life's bright perennial flowers.'

O how *my* bosom swells, and emotion fills my eyes with tears when *home* is the subject of my contemplations! Dear father, how sweet the retrospection of my past life when under the paternal roof! You cannot imagine what delight it creates within me, when *looking back*, and bringing to remembrance the mercies and blessings that have crowned my life. I hope, father, you will pray for me, that from a review of the past goodness of the Lord I may be encouraged to put my trust in him for the future—*for what is to come.*

"Your sincerely affectionate daughter,

"SUSAN KNIGHT."

TO HER SISTER, MRS. B.

"Morristown, 1835.

"My Dear Sister,—My lamp, or the light of it, is almost extinguished, casting a sombre, melancholy shade on all around, while I am engaged in the labors of the pen, and in the pleasing task of holding imaginary converse with you. Would that it were a reality! How joyously would I assure you by word of mouth of my welfare and happiness, and of the sincere wishes my heart entertains for your continued prosperity in temporal and spiritual good!

"I must inform you what a profitable day this sabbath has been to me. It has been so strange and uncommon a thing for me to feel encouragement respecting the concerns of my soul for some time back, that what little I have enjoyed these few days renders me unspeakably grateful. And now, tell my dearest, beloved mother, that it is to her I feel indebted for the determination to make one more effort to gain the favor of God: for in my little trials, and in the anticipation of greater, I felt that I could not take my troubles to the Lord, neither hope nor look for his support in times of need. I have been very unhappy in mind, because I knew that I peculiarly needed a Saviour more than ever I did in my life; and yet I groped in darkness, and neglected to cast my whole soul on

Him who was so willing to receive a penitent sinner.

"I received mother's letter, and read it with an overflowing heart. She advised me strongly, when Satan suggested to my mind harassing and dreadful imaginations, to carry my cares to the Lord, and HE would deliver me:—to make God my trust, *soul* and *body*, without reserve. O how it made me feel the loss of comfort, and my need of a Saviour's love! I went to the Lord —was drawn and taught by his Holy Spirit, and have daily since been growing in strength, encouragement, and comfort. O the goodness of the Lord! Jane, you must pray for me and mother, that the Lord will keep me faithful; for what shall I do if I have no hope in God, and no Saviour to lean upon!

"Let the blessing which attended mother's letter to me encourage her to write frequently to her absent children respecting their souls' welfare. I know how it is when absent from those who are so dear to us, if a word of advice or encouragement meets the eye, how tender the feelings become; how easily a deep impression is made! The seed falls in good ground.

"Tell my dearest mother, that when I pray for *peculiar* blessings on her honored head, for returns for all her care and anxieties for her children to be bestowed upon her, *then* I believe that God will

give her the richest, costliest blessing—the conversion of all their souls. May our hearts ever realize, dear sister, how good the Lord has been in giving us such parents! And let us turn about and besiege the throne of grace, as they have always done for us, that every desire of their hearts may be granted; that prosperity may continue theirs in life, and peace be with them in the hour of death.

"Your own SUSAN."

CHAPTER II.

Letters—Early sorrow—Dangerous illness and death of her husband—Her distress—Return to her parents in New-York—Resignation—Visit to her former residence—Verses—Death of her sister Harriet Maria.

THE beautiful, filial, and affectionate spirit of these letters is worthy of admiration. Thus far her life had been almost like a summer sea. Scarce a cloud of sorrow had ever yet mantled upon her brow. She had parted indeed from the home of the best of parents, and from the society of affectionate sisters and brothers; but she had exchanged the paternal roof for another home of affection, where she was a truly beloved and cherished member. And, as we have seen, she was still happy. The candle of the Lord still shone brightly in her dwelling.

But we have now to record, in her own artless and affecting language, her first lessons in the school of affliction. Her happiness was soon to be blighted; and we shall have an opportunity to contemplate her Christian character when tried by early and bitter sorrow. The following letters speak of her husband's serious illness:—

TO MRS. J. B.

"MORRISTOWN, N. J., March 24th, 1835.

"MY OWN DEAR SISTER,—How are you and the family? Are you all well? If so, I dislike to disturb your comfort by mentioning any cause for sorrow your absent sister may have. But who can deny themselves the consolation of reposing their cares and anxieties in so warm and sympathizing a bosom as yours? *I* am not stoic enough; though it is with sincere regret I wrong your affectionate heart by any communication that is not cheering and pleasant. You wonder and ask, What ails my sister? Is there not sufficient reason, dearest Jane, for my soul to seek and require your sympathy? My husband—my bosom companion—is *very poorly*. He is diseased in body to a much greater extent than was feared. Last Wednesday he was taken very violently with what seemed at first an attack of pleurisy; but other symptoms appearing, the physician decides his disease to be the liver complaint. . . . . .

"Dear sister, it is hard to see one we dearly love thus exposed to sickness and death. The more attachments we form—the more ties we have—the more acutely our sensibilities are exposed to suffer. Is it not so? I am endeavoring to lean upon the strong arm of the Almighty; and whatever I have to pass through, to rest upon God's promise, that 'according to our day, so shall our strength be.' My own situation is peculiarly calculated to worry and harass my mind, while my dear husband is thus afflicted. But I feel that I can praise the Lord for as much power as is given me to let the *future* rest with him, 'who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' I think I *can* trust him. And that the affliction may be sanctified to both our souls is my earnest and continual prayer. Not more than a moment do the fears and anxious forebodings which present themselves to me have power to distress or make me unhappy; because I realize sensibly that Jesus is near to sustain and comfort me. Now, dear Jane, write immediately, and pray earnestly for us both.

"Your dearly beloved SUSAN."

TO HER PARENTS.

"MORRISTOWN, Oct. 20th, 1835.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—An opportunity occurs to write you a few lines. There is nothing cheer-

ful to state. No, my dear parents, no good news to communicate. William [her husband] has been failing fast since his departure from New-York. He is, I fear, a great deal worse. I have, myself, been as sick as I could well be, having been confined, with a violent fever, almost entirely to my room for three days. And now my little Harriet, —my sweet cherub—lies stretched on a pillow, and has been the whole day long very, very ill. O how sick she is! . . . I have to take the little sick daughter, pillow and all, on mamma's lap. O my father—my mother! how sorely the Lord afflicts me! I am murmuring in heart constantly. Would that I could say, 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' But O! my heart rebels at my fate. My afflictions these few days past have shed a gloom across my mind which nothing but the love of God can dissipate, and this I do not possess.

"My poor William, how my heart aches for him! He clings to life and health, and continually speaks of raising up his little family, as if the possibility of his disease ending in death never entered his mind. As for me, I can no longer flatter myself. Daily evidence proves that his disease is fast approaching a climax. I look at him, and can scarce restrain my feelings. Little does he think what passes in the heart of his poor wife. . . . . Do not be frightened when

you read this letter, for it may be I have written under the influence of too gloomy feelings, and therefore things may not be so bad as I imagine them. . . . . Your daughter in love,

"SUSAN KNIGHT."

TO HER SISTER, MRS. B.

"MORRISTOWN, Dec. 23d, 1835.

"DEAREST SISTER,—I am endeavoring to live according to the precepts of your letter, and I thank you for your kind advice. I find that by frequently taking up my cross, and striving, with meekness and firmness, to perform my duties, I enjoy more contentment of mind. I find, by degrees, I am getting into the right path, and I am in hopes that it will soon be illuminated by the 'Sun of righteousness.'

"My dear companion is very happy in the Lord. The love of Jesus is his constant theme. O how thankful I am! His soul seems to be renewed, and his heart rejoices in his Saviour. Poor William! he is again what he was in respect to his health—he is extremely weak: and altogether we have great cause to be anxious.

"Tell sisters Harriet and Mary to take warning. They are young, but not too young to die. I will answer dear Harriet's very pleasing and acceptable letter soon.

"Your own SUSAN."

TO THE SAME.

"Morristown, Feb. 21st, 1836.

"Dear, Dear Jane,—How good the Lord is to me in bestowing such a comforting, encouraging sister! Let me assuage the grief your bosom feels for my woes, by the assurance that the Saviour whom you recommend is near to comfort and defend your afflicted sister. O yes, dear Jane, and my dear parents, God stretches out his strong, almighty arm for me to lean on. As I kneel down in prayer, he helps me to cast my burden on him, who alone is able to sustain me. I cannot express to you how wonderfully I realize that his providential care is over me; and I see, day by day, that 'all things work together for good.'

"Can you wonder then that I long to pour out my heart to you, and acknowledge the gratitude I feel to my heavenly Father, who 'chasteneth in mercy,' and who 'tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb?'

"I earnestly pray that I may come out of the furnace like gold tried by the refiner's fire, and purified from all dross.

"You are anxious to hear how my dear companion is: he is failing rapidly. The doctor informs us that he may *possibly* live a month yet; but perhaps not longer than a week. He is sensible that he may drop off in a minute. But, poor

sufferer, there seems to be a struggle within. O pray for him, that liberty may be given him to say, 'O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?'

"Your own SUSAN."

TO HER PARENTS.

"MORRISTOWN, N. J., March, 1836.

"My dear, beloved, kindest of parents, and my dear sister Jane, do you not rejoice that my dear husband is so happy in Jesus? I cannot tell you what a consecrated spot it seems to be where the bed stands that supports his feeble, emaciated body: and he says, 'All I wait for is, for my Saviour to say, Come up higher.' He has been telling us to-day whom he wishes to preach his funeral sermon, and what ministers he wanted present; and he talks to us all, and tells us what he wants us to do when he is gone, with as much composure as if he were going on a short journey. O that the Lord would support me, for it almost overwhelms me when I realize that we must part!

"Your affectionate daughter,

"SUSAN KNIGHT."

Her anticipations were soon realized. Her husband from this moment rapidly failed, and on the 4th of March, 1836, he died. She soon after returned, with her infant daughter, to her former

home with her parents in New-York city, where she could find sympathy and consolation under this severe bereavement. And now she consecrated her widowed heart anew to the Lord. She was drawn from the chamber which was the witness of so many of her tears, to engage in active scenes of Christian love. She became a teacher in a sabbath school; and in her class and prayer meetings she exhibited the resignation and devotion of an humble follower of the blessed Saviour.

She visited, occasionally, the scene of her wedded joy and sorrow at Morristown. The following lines, written in reference to one of these visits, were published at the time in some of the public papers.

A young and interesting girl on her marriage left her parents' roof to reside with her husband in a pleasant little cottage, blooming, like herself, with the blossoms and loveliness of spring. For a brief period the sun rose and set sweetly on that delightful spot, and hope and joy smiled around the hearthstone within. Fragrant and beautiful was that quiet home. But the hour of trial and darkness came. That lovely girl became a widow; the cottage was at once cheerless; and she returned, with a blight upon her heart and a cloud upon her brow, to her father's house. It was her custom to pay an occasional visit to that spot consecrated as the shrine of her early affec-

tion—to awaken "the joy of grief"—to live over the past in melancholy associations. Such is the paradox of the human affections!

THE WIFE TO HER DEPARTED HUSBAND.

I hear thee not—I see thee not,
Thy footstep is not here,
Where once it was my happy lot
To meet thee, husband, dear.
A saddening thought comes o'er my brain—
I cannot see thy form again.

Our cottage smiles upon the green,
Just as it smiled before;
The willows weep a grateful shade
Before that cottage door;
But when I to the spot repair,
I feel, alas! *thou* art not there.

The songsters still as sweetly sing,
Nor heed they of my care;
And fragrant flowers are blossoming
In the morning's balmy air.
I love them, for they bring to me
Some sweet memorials of thee.

That cottage hearth no longer brings
The joys of other years,
When hours flew by with golden wings,
Nor told that life had cares.
I hear thy voice no longer there,
As once we knelt to God in prayer.

Thou art not here—thou art not here,
To greet me as before;

Yet He, who dries the mourner's tear,
Now bids me weep no more.
Soaring in realms of purer bliss,
I would not call thee back to this.

The song—the glorious song is thine—
The Lamb for sinners slain;
The better duty now be mine,
To glory in thy gain.
And when this weary life is o'er,
We meet—to say farewell no more.

During one of the visits above alluded to, she wrote to her sister Harriet the following letter:—

"MORRISTOWN, Sept. 5th, 1837.

"DEAREST SISTER HARRIET,—As *you* are ever in my heart and in my thoughts, with all the rest of our dear family, I believe I will indulge myself by writing to you. Harriet, you know I was very fearful that the change of scene would be very injurious to my mind. But true it is, the God of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps; and our God is a *sun* and a *shield* to all them that *try* to walk uprightly. I have realized this visit to be a blessing to me indeed. I hope I shall be more humble when I return home; more patient, tell my dear sister Mary; and more useful.

"Tell my dear parents this promise has been abundantly verified to me—'Since thou hast been precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable.'

The Lord raises me up friends, and it seems wherever I turn I receive looks and tokens of affection and esteem. How true it is, if we 'set on His work our steadfast eye, so shall our work be done!'

"Dear sister, what our hands find to do, let us do it with all our might, for we know not what a day may bring forth. . . . . My dear little Harriet is so good—you cannot tell how much comfort I have with her.

"Your own dear SUSAN."

This sister, Harriet, was the next younger than herself, and to whom she was most tenderly attached. She was truly an amiable and lovely being, admired and beloved by a large circle of friends; and particularly was she noticed for the pure and unaffected piety which adorned the morning bloom of her life. She too was a mark for the unrelenting destroyer. She was seized with a pulmonary affection, which rapidly broke down her delicate frame. She died in the full enjoyment of hope in her Saviour, on the 7th of December, 1837.

This death was a severe affliction to the family, and especially to the remaining sisters, who were her constant companions. When the writer of this visited the house of mourning, where lay that beautiful corpse—lovely in death—the calm smile

of triumph still upon her lips—he was affected on witnessing the strength of religion which supported the subject of this Memoir in this her second great trial. Nature was struggling under an affliction which seemed almost insupportable. O the sweet spirit of resignation in that trying hour!

On inquiring of Mrs. Knight how she sustained her trial, she exclaimed, "Our grief is great; *but we are supported by grace.*" While we admire the calm spirit of Addison in those memorable words on his death-bed, to his young kinsman, "See in what peace a Christian can die," may we not also add in view of such a scene—See in what peace a Christian may *suffer!* It was indeed the spirit and resignation of the Master she served—"Not my will, but thine be done." It is in the depths of affliction that the heart is tried, and its faith proved. It is here the voice of the child of God may be heard, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

So deeply did the death of Harriet Maria affect her, that it was for months the constant theme of her conversation. She took a mournful interest in dwelling upon the loveliness of her departed sister, her resignation, and glorious death. It doubtless contributed to prepare her own mind for a fuller consecration to the cause of her Redeemer, and to feel herself but a pilgrim and sojourner here. The following lines, commemorative of

this bereavement, embracing a notice of several little circumstances attending the death-bed scene, were much prized by Mrs. Howard:—

LINES,

On the death of HARRIET MARIA WHEELER, *who departed December 7th*, 1837.

Come, daughter, once more let thy sweet numbers flow,
Let that soft, failing voice, tune in sweetness once more;
Thou art better to-day—rosy health seems to glow
On that cheek where so oft it hath gloried before.

She smiled—like a star from the haven of rest,
So bright and unclouded—so calm and serene—
She sung, as she thought, of her home with the blest,
Of Jesus—of parting—of glories unseen.

The last note is heard—all is silent again—
The smile is still bright, but the rose it has flown;
Sister angels had listen'd, and caught the pure strain,
And death—welcome messenger!—mark'd her his own.

I am *weary*, my mother—I'm weary to-day!*
Ah! how faint is that voice, and that temple how frail!
Thou art failing, my child—thou art wasting away—
Thy hand feels so cold, and thy cheek looks so pale!

* On this occasion, while performing, at the request of her mother, a favorite sacred air on the piano, with more than her usual animation, her mother noticed a sudden change in her countenance. The hand of death was evidently upon her. The mother, alarmed, inquired of the lovely sufferer if she did not feel worse? She only replied, "*I feel weary, mother!*" so anxious was she to prevent anxiety on her own account. She was taken to her chamber, and never again left it before she died.

O weep not, dear mother, I go to my rest—
Will not parents and sisters soon come to me there?
'Tis a mansion of bliss for the blood-ransom'd guest,
Where the soul wings its flight, free from sickness and care.

O who could forget her in that solemn hour,*
When the family circle were gather'd alone,
To present them, while sickness yet left her the power,
Some memorials to look on when she should be gone!

Dear father, this volume of God's holy word—
The gift of thy love—I restore now to thee;
When thy daughter in yonder cold ground is interr'd,
Wilt thou read it, dear father, and think upon me?

My mother, who kindly hast pillow'd my head,
I leave thee this "Token"—a dear gift of thine;
And, dearest, when I shall be laid with the dead,
Wilt thou treasure this volume because it was mine?

Dearest sister! this ring I bestow upon thee;
Though trifling it seem, 'tis a pledge of my love;
Thou weepest—dear loved one, O weep not for me,
For I go to rejoice in the mansions above.

I leave this memorial, dear brother, to thee;
Let these "Hymns" in thy bosom with harmony swell,
And when tempests shall rage o'er the dark distant sea,
"Look aloft"—trust in Jesus, and all will be well.

* On the evening of her death, and but a short time before her departure, she had all the family around her, to receive her parting gifts. She bestowed upon each of them some token of affection.

She linger'd, that beautiful being of clay,
Like a flower that fades in the morn's sunny air—
Like the sweet golden sunset just melting away—
Leaving darkness with us, to shine brighter elsewhere.

Time's last closing hours ran silently past,
And the cold chill of death came over her breast;
She raised her white hand as in triumph at last,
And her meek spirit flew to its heavenly rest.

CHAPTER III.

Extracts from her diary—Resolutions of self-consecration—Letters and journal—Death of her daughter—Acquaintance with Rev. O. Howard—Her letter to him—Their marriage.

Mrs. Knight from this time, in addition to her other pious labors, became an active and faithful tract distributor. Her heart was often encouraged, while leaving these little messengers of mercy among the poor, to receive their gratitude and blessing for the interest she took in their welfare, temporal as well as spiritual. These sustained and comforted her under many trials in this work; for her offers were often rejected, and at times she was rudely assailed and abused by the enemies of religion for her purely disinterested labors.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

"January 10th, 1838. It is a blessed privilege 'not to condemn ourselves in the things which we allow,' as the Bible tells us. Well, if we keep a steady aim at profiting one another, and of aiding one another to sink deeper into the will of God, then I know we shall preserve ourselves from condemnation.

"Jan. 15th. The hope of meeting my friends in heaven was very sweet while I was engaged in prayer this morning; and I felt, stronger than ever, that this only is a state of probation, in which we may obtain a meetness for that heavenly inheritance. And the more pure we are—the more holy—and the more *faith* we have, the *nearer* shall we have our seat around the throne of God. Let us go hand and heart in *this combat*, and then let what will come, our prospect for the future will be bright and glorious, having constantly in view immortality beyond the grave.

"18th. I think it was not in vain that I renewed my covenant last sabbath at the communion table. I have this afternoon a hope that notwithstanding I am constantly brought in contact with temptation and trial from the world, still the exercises of my mind the past week have resulted in an encouraging increase of my faith; to-day leading me to believe that God will at any time re-

store that *full evidence of entire consecration* which I formerly enjoyed. How my soul longs again to enjoy this blessing!"

TO HER SISTER, MRS. B.

"New-York, July 30th, 1833.

"My Dearest Jane,—I promised you I would write a *few lines* when your dear husband came down, and now, not only as a duty, but as a great pleasure, I fulfill my engagement.

"It is not only our *thoughts*, dearest sister, that bring you before us; *prayer* ties us by a much stronger bond of affection; and I have just been engaged in this delightful office. The burden of my request, sister, was for more entire submission to the will of God. Don't you feel the need of it too? I do want to live for heaven, Jane, and to obtain a meetness for it *in this world*. Sometimes I think, if my time is to be shorter than I have supposed it to be, and my closing hour should suddenly draw nigh, *have I done all my work?* Have I improved my one talent, so as to give an account with joy and not with dread? This question awakens me, if at any time, through the weakness of the flesh, I feel like sitting at ease in Zion.

'Dear sister, unite with me, and let us examine ourselves, whether the love of our kind Father in heaven hath complete ascendency in our hearts

and affections. O, Jane, how sweet it is to go and pray with faith! This week past has been a joyful season with me. Whenever I draw nigh to God, I feel his promise verified—he will *draw nigh to thee*. And it appears as if my heavenly Father were by my side, and I have only to whisper my petitions to have them granted, temporal as well as spiritual wants; at least such as He sees needful for me.

"Pray for me, that I may grow in grace and meetness for heaven; for then only can I be fit to live on the earth.

"Your own dear SUSAN."

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

"New-York, sabbath day, Jan. 13th, 1839. I solemnly invoke the blessing of God upon this new means of grace. May nothing be penned here, O God, but the sincere expressions of my soul. And may they have a tendency to encourage me in searching my heart continually, that I may ever increase in self-knowledge, and thus be led more fully to cast myself in utter helplessness upon *Christ*, as my full atonement—my *perfect* Saviour. This sabbath day I feel that I can devote myself to *do* and *suffer* the will of God afresh. I have ventured to plead at the throne of grace for power to cease from all sin—for the sanctification of my *affections*, my will, my talents and in-

fluence, to the service of God. I am convinced that it is the pure in heart only that can see God. While wrestling in faith I have felt that an increase of union with Christ was given. And now I will endeavor to view God in everything; especially in trial, in the furnace, and under the chastening rod. O Father, give me an increasing delight in thy service—in the cross; and a full, clear evidence that I please thee, and enjoy thy approbation!

"Feb. 14th. Another month has gone into eternity, and what record have I to make? I have been sustained through tribulation; I have passed through conflict; I felt that I was learning lessons of patience, long-suffering, and *self-abandonment;* and I now ask myself, *Where* have these things brought me? Have I become settled, established, unwavering, in that *momentary act* of faith in Christ Jesus that purifies the heart? Not yet! not yet!

"The path of suffering I see. I daily feel that it is to aid in bringing about this blessed result. Not but what it is the will of God I should be happy if he sees I could be so without the rod; but with sorrow I find that, notwithstanding the continued offerings I make of myself to him—the many tokens I have that he dwells with me as my covenant God—the close union I have with Christ as my advocate, my tender high priest, and

my only righteousness, yet I grieve at the success which my vigilant foes frequently meet, when God permits this trial of my faith. Sometimes I come off conqueror; but O how often I am left wounded! My *only remedy* then is to embrace the cross of Christ anew. In it there is a healing balm, and a strengthening efficacy to arm me again, and prepare me for the battle.

"Feb. 16th. This day witnesses these new resolutions. May God help me in the strength of faith and prayer to keep them!

"*Resolved*, to aim at more simplicity in *appearance*, as well as in *heart*, in the hope that a nonconformity to the world will give me an increasing influence as a Christian.

"*Resolved*, to bear my testimony for Christ *fully* and *courageously* as opportunity occurs.

"*Resolved*, by the help of God, to be more *obedient*, by striving to be fruitful in *every* word and work, whereof I have intimations by the Holy Spirit and my own conscience.

"*Resolved*, to *strive* to be an example in my family, of patience, gentleness, and meekness, that they may take knowledge of me daily that I have been with Christ.

"*Resolved*, to strive continually to *lose* my own will; to desire nothing but Christ; to cast every *care* upon him, and take him for my satisfying portion, my all in all.

"O righteous Father, endue me with faithfulness, that I may render my vows aright.

"Sabbath, Feb. 24th. The love of God has kept my heart *loose* from earthly entanglements, and from *self-will*, notwithstanding *severe temptations*, since my last date. I set this down after a close examination as a sincere testimony of my experience. But as remembrances rush quickly upon me, I will put down some of my recent exercises, and call upon my soul anew to praise God for *all that is past*, and to trust him for *all* that is to come.

"When I look back at this precious season, it appears truly as if I should say, *I* have not lived, but *Christ* hath lived in me. What an entire *victory* I have had constantly over my own heart, my *will*, passions, *thoughts*, and *desires!* Victory implies, *battles* have been *fought*.

"I have enjoyed, for several days past, true and deep-abiding peace with God; and it has been sustained only by the Holy Spirit enabling me not to please *myself*, but to crucify my flesh; to offer my thoughts, words, and actions, in the spirit of *sacrifice*, in constant *self-denial* and momentary *watchfulness* and *prayer*.

"And now, have I found his yoke *heavy*—his burden *hard* to bear? No! It seems, on looking back, that he made me a *partaker* of his holiness; and *then* to serve him was a spontaneous act of

the soul. And now, what a promise appears to my view to encourage me to choose *for ever*, as my portion, *affliction* with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the *pleasures of sin* for a *season!* If ye will hearken to my commandments, then shall your peace be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea. O my God, thou seest my heart this moment! thou knowest that I tremble from the sense of *extreme weakness.* This thought has gained some entrance—'It is not his will that you shall always have such a victory—such *dominion* over *sin.* You will surely relax your efforts this week, and lose this close communion.' I write it down here, O Father, to impress it more fully upon my mind, that Satan is trying to wrest from me my happiness, my faith. But I pray thee now, O God, to let me feel *every moment* that *He* that is for me is stronger than all that can rise against me.

"25th. I have spoken of what God has done for me, and *wrought in me.* Ah! I cannot forget the moments of sorrow I have passed when at times I could realize, notwithstanding all God's goodness to me, that my heart was prone to sloth, to pride, to anger, to self-love, to idolatry, and to backslidings. It is so grievous to be tempted to sin against a Being who possesses our first affections, and who makes our happiness by his smiles

of approbation; and O how saddening to the soul that aims at heavenly-mindedness, to feel its ardor dampened, its joys withered at times by the fresh proofs continually recurring, that while we are in the body, we are ever exposed to temptation! and hence we are never out of danger of falling from our steadfastness.

"March 1st. I have felt at times that I have given all up for the Lord. I have realized that liberty was drawing nigh; and one precious verse of the Bible, which I shall never forget, has been given me as from the Lord. It is Mal. iii, i: 'Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come,' saith the Lord of hosts.'

"20th. My mind was once thus engaged—I asked myself, Can't I, by the help of God, watch and pray *an hour?* And cannot He keep me a *whole day* as well as an hour in the use of the same means, free from condemnation? And if a day, why not longer? I resolved, therefore, solemnly to ask his blessing upon my *present* endeavor to reckon myself, according to his word, *dead to sin.* I knelt in fervent prayer, and made a solemn dedication of myself to God. I was now going to believe his promise that he would save

to the uttermost. I rose from my knees, not checked for my boldness at the throne of grace, but with an *unusual peace* in my heart. I looked around me, and *everything was light!* My burden was laid at the foot of the cross, while I believed in my heart—*His power saves me;* his blood cleanses me *now*.

"I met my mother, and, forgetful of my former scruples, I said, 'Mother, I believe the Lord has accepted me *fully*, to be *wholly his;* and I feel that I dare believe this moment, his blood cleanseth me *from all sin;*' and the advice of this dear parent was, 'My dear, if you continue to live by the *moment*, you need never lose your present confidence.'

"I lived the day as I never lived before. It appeared as if a new existence had been given me. The *light* that was in my heart seemed to be reflected on every surrounding object; and I felt that that light was the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

"I seemed to live a *life* almost in a day; my faith brought me into such a sweet existence! *Nothing but faith*, given me by God, taught me then what full salvation was. Thus I lived for a season in glorious light and full acceptance.

"June 20th. I have not yet that liberty to *plead with souls* which I desire to have. I feel and realize continually that the blood of many will be

required of me, as an individual. And O how tardy and slothful I am in working for my Master! How I long to break these bonds, and labor and travail for perishing sinners, as if I *truly realized* their awful danger, and feared that one might be lost, and lost for ever, through *my negligence!* O my God, empty me of *self* continually, and let thy glory stand alone as the end and object of my existence!

"July 6th. Where shall I begin the praises of my Redeemer? This day in what a wonderful manner he hath shown me that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him! I have not a doubt that I have escaped pretty near my death by his providential deliverance this day. O my God, I do here acknowledge thy love and protection, and may the life and health thus preserved be dedicated afresh *wholly* to thy service—O thou, my sun, and shield, and exceeding great reward!"

EXTRACT—TO MR. W. C.

"New-York, July 22, 1839.

"I have returned to New-York after an absence of a few days, and found home sweeter than ever. The country was very beautiful. If I had a pen to compete with yours, perhaps *Jersey* might also be portrayed in very glowing colors; but, for want of this, many of its charming retreats must

remain in the shade, until it becomes the residence of some genius, who, like ——, can so portray its charms as to induce us almost to imagine it a fairy-land. It is thus we shall begin to think of P——, if it does indeed come up to your description—such a union of the beautiful, sublime, and picturesque. You *must* have a happy home in the country: and *so have we* one in the *city*, surrounded as we are by noise, confusion, and tumult.

"After all, *home* is *in the heart*. I have a few weeks back tarried among similar scenes to those you mention in your letter; but the charm, the novelty lasted but a week, and when M—— wrote to me, 'Come home, we are all alone,' I needed no second invitation, but flew to partake of the *loneliness* of *home*.

"So I am convinced, for myself, wherever my heart is happiest—wherever its privileges are most enjoyed—wherever its communion with God is best sustained—*there* is the dearest spot on earth *to me*. You prefer the *country* as a field of moral action. Now it appears to me, unless you are a public character, and can act upon a *large* scale, your field is limited—peculiarly so in the country. You are obliged to wait for *occasions*—for *opportunities* to do good, and have but little chance, compared with those who live in a city, to be *in season, out of season, always abounding* in

the work of the Lord. Perhaps I may be mistaken; and our labors, our success, our usefulness may entirely depend upon the *fervor* of our efforts, and the degree of *missionary spirit* we possess. At any rate, my dear friend, let us resolve to strive to act *according* to our heavy responsibilities; for, because we have had much given us, much will be required. . . . .

"Yours, sincerely and respectfully,

"SUSAN KNIGHT."

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

"New-York, July, 1839. My soul is strangely exercised. Surely I have lost ground. Why this dragging in the performance of duty? Why have I so little access in prayer? Where is my love, my activity, my zeal? I feel a degree of stupidity that I have not felt for many months. O God, forbid that I should yield to it, or feel at ease when *thou* art so far from me! I try to examine myself: Have I *willfully* neglected a known duty, or have I in anything willfully acted contrary to the dictates of God's Spirit? Though for a week I have scarcely been blessed with one comforting view of my union with Christ, I think I can say I have strove continually, notwithstanding, to walk, not by feeling, but by *faith*, and to lean upon the merits of my Saviour in the weak and feeble discharge of my duty.

"I think I am tempted again to love the world, which I had so decidedly given up. All the exercises of religion appear difficult. I think I have given way in a measure to the idea—'I might enjoy religion a little while, as I see a great many professors do; that is, take a little rest, and give *flesh* for a season a relief from spiritual labors, and continued self-denials.'

"Can it be possible? I am frightened at what I have written; and yet it must be so. When I was just now kneeling, and pouring out my tears at the throne of grace, I was led to see that I must choose afresh whom I would serve. Should I listen to the world when it says, '*All these* will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me?' or would I pursue the narrow path that leads to heaven, even should there be lions in the way—crosses, labors, tribulations, to await me at every step?

"And here I am, without comfort, apparently influenced by nothing but my own weak nature. Has God left me in this struggle? Has He, whom I feel in my heart to love and adore, permitted me to be tried and *overcome?* He has *never* dealt with me thus, and I will strive to conquer and to endure, as seeing Him who is invisible."

* * * * * * *

"I have been to the throne of grace, and my soul is relieved. Truly, sorrow endureth but for

a night, and joy cometh in the morning. I have been confessing my sins; offering myself afresh to *do* and *suffer* the will of my heavenly Father; and I feel again the comforts of his presence—the assurance that I shall *live by faith*. And if such a worm as I *can* show forth his praise, here am I; do with me as it seemeth good in thy sight. O that I may never again be ashamed or afraid to acknowledge myself a close self-denying follower of the meek and lowly Jesus!

"July 20th. This day I have been fasting; and while the rest have been nourishing their bodies, I have been in secret, looking and waiting upon Jesus, who has given me bread to eat that the world knows nothing of. Thus may I be encouraged to keep my fast days for the Lord, for I never fail to meet with peculiar blessings on these days, so set apart for God.

"21st. What can I say for God to-day? It is this—He shows me that *my* comfort—*my* happiness, must spring and continue only by *nearness to him*.

> "In vain the bright, the burning sun
> Scatters his feeble light;
> 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon—
> If *thou* depart, 'tis night.

"I can find no satisfaction in surrounding objects, in temporal blessings, if I miss the *evidence* that God's blessing abides *constantly* with me. But

to live in the daily assurance that Christ is imputed unto us as our wisdom, our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—this is indeed a fount of happiness, for then we live simply by faith. *This* gives us victory over the world; and this is the power by which we bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and by which we are enabled to *do good* and to *communicate*."

TO MR. W. C.

"NEW-YORK, January 29, 1840.

"We rejoice in your prospect of obtaining the accomplishment of your wishes. Continue to make us acquainted with your labors as they progress. We earnestly pray that the Lord will make this new sphere of action a field of extensive usefulness, and one in which you may bring great glory to God. This, after all, dear brother, is the end for which we live, is it not? And our Saviour says, 'If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.' O that you may be covered with the honor that cometh from above!

"Yours, sincerely, S. K."

Parts of the letter from which the above is extracted were written in a cheerful and even playful style, which she sometimes indulged in her most familiar letters. But a postscript to the same letter records a sad and sudden change in her

feelings—another affliction, which is here given in her own words:—

"Feb. 3d.—P. S. Brother, dear brother, how shall I fill out this letter, commenced so lighty, with the sorrowing tidings that I have to communicate? Last Wednesday my darling Harriet was well—was playing when I wrote the former part of this letter. I left my letter unfinished; that night my Harriet was taken sick with scarlet fever. She suffered one day and a night, and Friday morning at six o'clock I saw my greatest earthly treasure—my dearest comfort—a lifeless corpse!

"Yesterday we laid her in the cold grave. It was the sabbath day. My heart is sick with sorrow. I can write no particulars. I merely finish my letter by telling you the mournful tidings, and by asking your prayers. O what should I do if I had no religion now! I have given her to God. I dare not murmur. But O, *nature cannot* die, although *grace conquers*."

Thus have we seen Mrs. Knight pass through three afflictive bereavements, in the death of a husband, a sister, and a child, within a period of less than three years. The feelings of her heart were exceedingly tender; and these were trials well calculated to test the strength of her faith,

and call up the sweet consolations of religion. And this is all revealed in her own closing words in the preceding postscript: "I dare not murmur—*grace conquers.*"

Her mind was now more than ever consecrated to the cause of her Redeemer. She exhibited a more devotional and missionary spirit. She felt that she had given her child to the Lord, and a spirit of calm and beautiful resignation was exhibited in all her deportment. Her constant desire was to make herself *useful*—to *do* something for her Saviour; and the opportunity soon after offered of giving *herself*—all that she could give—to the service of her Master. She became acquainted about this period with the Rev. Orin R. Howard, who was destined for the missionary school at Buenos Ayres, South America. The following letter to Mr. Howard before their marriage will be read with interest:—

TO THE REV. O. R. HOWARD.

"New-York, March 26th, 1840.

"My Dear Brother,—I wonder if I cannot convey some of the feelings of my heart by writing, which I cannot at all satisfactorily express in verbal communications. I don't believe you can give me credit for half the interest I really do feel in your spiritual welfare, because in my attempts at expression there is so much feeble-

ness and deficiency. I speak to you of the love of Jesus—I glory in the victorious power of grace—I recommend at times, 'tis true, the ardent, unceasing pursuit after holiness; but, I am certain, the lack of a corresponding seriousness of action and of utterance with the sentiments I express would lead you, most assuredly, were you wholly untaught in the deep things of God, to imbibe views detrimental, rather than favorable, to that cause which, in the *present exemplification*, does so little for its followers. Now you know what I think of myself; and yet I go to the Lord, and upon searching and examining closely the motives and intentions by which I am influenced, I find myself freely absolved from guilt or condemnation; and all I can do is to promise before the throne to make new and more untiring *efforts* to season *all* my conversation with grace, and to hallow all my associations by the remembrance that as a Christian I am to see God in everything, and everything in God. Dear brother, if you, who have so frequent opportunities of communing with one professing holiness unto the Lord, will only be as lenient as our Master is, and will believe that the *intention* to *strive* to act according to my profession is ever with me, even if the exterior at times lacks the becoming manifestation, I assure you I shall be very happy. We both love our Saviour. You know the extent of his

power to save as well as I do; only you do not at present appear to enjoy that continual *momentary* action of God upon the soul, and reaction of the soul upon God, which it is your privilege to do. You think that you cannot say as *feelingly* as you *once* did, 'I *have*, in *answer* to *prayer*,

> "A patient, a victorious mind;
> That life and all things casts behind,
> Springs forth obedient to thy call;
> A heart that no desire can move;
> But still to adore, believe, and love,
> My Lord, my life, my all!" '

"Well now, my dear brother, what are you going to do? rest satisfied with anything *short* of *full salvation?* Ah, no! You surely realize—

> 'In vain the bright, the burning sun
> Scatters his feeble light;
> 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon—
> If thou withdraw, 'tis night.'

"Your vocation, your calling is holy; you enjoy the privilege of being an ambassador for God; and if you will walk in the steps of one who boldly proclaimed, 'Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe; as ye know how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father does his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory;' if

you will take a new start, endeavor more indefatigably to follow his example, and walk in his steps, you will prove, ere long, that Christ's precious gospel again is refreshing you, not only in word, not only in power, but in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. It appears to me here is an answer to the remark you made the other day. The question with me now is, What shall I *do?* I know it is better to wear out than to rust out; but God has no laborers to spare, and therefore he would not have you preach in season and out of season; but, Orin, he would have you exhort, comfort, and charge, as a father does his children, all those who are witnesses of your holy, just, unblamable life, in season and out of season. Methinks I see already your crown gemmed with stars, won, not only through the exalted privileges and opportunities which pulpit ministrations bestow, but through the quiet, unobtrusive *personal effort* which has God alone for its witness and rewarder. There is a goodly land before you—a land flowing with milk and honey; are you not well able to go up and possess it? O how delightful it is to commence each new day, 'offering up all the thoughts of our hearts, all the words of our tongues, all the works of our hands, all our body, soul, and spirit, to be a holy sacrifice, acceptable unto God in Christ Jesus!' I feel that God has taught me *how* to do this; I have

learnt thus far: I know that with much struggling I enjoy a low degree of sanctifying grace. Shall I ever see the day when my soul will be settled, confirmed, and established in holiness unto the Lord? My constant prayer is, O may neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord! And I know this is the language of your heart; therefore, while we have the privilege of communion with each other, let us mutually strive to edify, admonish, and instruct. SUSAN KNIGHT."

TO MR. W. C.

"NEW-YORK, April 17, 1840.

"DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Probably by this time you are commencing your preparations for departure to a distant sphere of action. You are no doubt engrossed by a multiplicity of cares, yet I cannot but believe that a communication of the welfare of your New-York friends will be gratifying to you. . . . .

"I have long been wanting to give more explicit accounts of the death of my own sweet Harriet; especially as I felt confident you could form no opinion of my loss from the few hasty words I dropped at the end of a letter which a day or

two before was commenced with so much glee and light-heartedness.

"No! my dear friend, you can never have imagined what a vacancy has been created in our little circle by the sudden severance of this tie; and had it not been from some very peculiar providential interpositions which I intend in this letter to communicate to you, I cannot but feel that my constitution would have received a shock not easily to recover from, although Christian resignation might ever have said, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

"I write with a full heart to-night. Reflections of a varied character rush upon my remembrance. My little loved one is present to my vision as she used to be, when the pet and cherished one of our domestic circle. These feelings occupy one portion of my heart.

"Then again, when I realize that I am writing to ——, there is another tide of feeling. With his name is connected many comforting and many sorrowing associations. He spent the winter with us when a *sister died;* and none of us will ever forget the cheering influence he had upon our little circle. But I have not told you *all* that helped to make my heart *full* to-night while I write—I am writing to you my last letter as Susan *Knight!*

"Now you do not wonder, do you, my friend,

that my heart is overcharged with its deep and varied emotions? *It is true.* One of God's ministers, last November, saw fit to come to a resolution, that, by the permission of God, he would make an effort to win the heart and hand of your friend.

"I felt when Harriet was taken from me, that it was all of the tender mercy of God, that there was permitted one to hover around my path who seemed to live for my happiness. I felt that the affection of this Christian minister was a savor of comfort and a solace to me in my hour of deep affliction.

"I believe, *notwithstanding my unworthiness*, that a dispensation of the gospel is committed to me, and that the sphere of usefulness which is now marked out for me has been appointed by the Lord; and therefore, with this view, I have not hesitated to listen to the counsel of my friend, and the approbation of my own heart, in promising to become, at twelve o'clock to-morrow, the wife of the Rev. Orin Howard.

* * * * * * *

"Permit me once more to sign myself

"Your affectionate friend and sister in Christ Jesus, SUSAN KNIGHT."

On the 18th of April, Mr. Howard and Mrs. Knight were married, and made preparation to

leave their native land. About two months before their departure, they took a short tour into Massachusetts, during which the following letter was written :—

"Watertown, Mass., July 7th, 1840.

"Dear Father and Mother,—I greet ye all with a kiss. If I were with you in person, you should have more than my scanty imagination can furnish you with in this. My dearly beloved, you are all very happy, I trust, enjoying present favors, and anticipating future ones. May they be gilded by the sunshine of God's smiling countenance! Your Susan is happy and contented, also, while Providence showers upon her blessings deeply realized. New-England is a sweet place. If I did not fear your ridicule of my rhapsodies, I would certainly express myself very warmly, and in terms of great admiration, of all that I see here, and of so many with whom I have the pleasure of associating.

"Perhaps I prize my present privileges the more from the realization that henceforth opportunities like this will be closed in to me. Indeed, you know not how I prize the pleasant and diversified scenes which a jaunt through these parts of New-England must present to every traveler. I think, Ah! how pleasant it will be to look back to this visit when I am far away, and my eye

will in vain look for the green hills and the shady groves that were so attractive in 'my own native land!' *Then* I shall be refreshed, when weary of the vast and almost illimitable *barren plain*, by that sweet privilege, ever at hand, *retrospection*. My dearest H. and I will cull some flowers in this jaunt, which shall yield their fragrance in a desert land, if it indeed should be such to which the providence of God now calls us.

"There is a lovely child here, between five and six years old, who reminds me of my own lost one. She is a beautiful, curly-headed little creature, and begins to love 'sister Howard.' Now she is up in my room, brushing and tangling my hair while I write. Last night she was my little sleepmate, and O how I pressed her to my heart during sleep, dreaming of my little Harriet! but when I awoke and found it was another dear little creature, my heart felt deeply the disappointment. . . . .

"Believe me your own affectionate daughter and sister, SUSAN HOWARD."

CHAPTER IV.

Diary—Departure of Mr. and Mrs. Howard for Buenos Ayres to engage in a missionary school—Farewell lines—Letters and journal written on the voyage—Arrival at Monte Video, S. A.—Favorable prospects on landing.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

"Aug. 5th. My faith, my integrity, my perseverance have been severely tested since I last wrote. I have been in doubt and confusion. I looked at the right hand and at the left, and found that there was no such thing as running away from the cross. But we must *bear* the cross, endure the cross, and overcome its shame and fear.

"O what a patient God I have! How can I reconcile my life of conflicts with the profession of sanctification to God! I am tempted as severely as if I had never entered into that rest where

> 'Fear, and guilt, and sin expire,
> Cast out by perfect love.'

I have felt for the past week that I had not one fruit of the Spirit abiding in me. My heart seemed to be a cage of unclean birds. *Every moment* of the day I felt the lack of some Christian temper; and so hateful—so odious I felt myself, and knew I must be in the sight of God, that life was

a burden to me: and my heart was so heavy, so sick, that had it not been for this whisper, '*Hope thou in God*,' I should have been utterly cast down. But the Spirit of the Lord has raised me up. He has again become the 'health of my countenance and my God.'

"Aug. 12th. This has been a week of triumph. I will strive to honor God, 'that the communication of my faith may become *effectual*, by acknowledging every good thing that is in me in Christ Jesus.' It rests with much weight on my mind to-day, that a city that is set on a hill *cannot* be *hid*. My God has watered my soul *richly*. He has blessed me with an assurance of *faith*, so that I have for two years past been enabled to believe, that if we confess our sins, Jesus not only forgives, but *cleanses* us from all unrighteousness.

"It has been a great grief to me that I have walked in this *light* so *unsteadily*. I have been as a tottering child—running, walking, and stumbling alternately. But this hope has sustained me in seasons of conflict and despondency—After ye have suffered awhile, he will settle, strengthen, *establish* you.

"Aug. 13th. My heart *does* offer praise to God; and not only praise would I give, but, as my reasonable service, I would offer a *living sacrifice*. What encouragement has been given me to make every effort toward this point!—

'That every *act* and thought may be
Like my espousals, Lord, to thee.'

I have sweetly realized since I last wrote, that as we measure to God, he measureth to us: that if we *believe*, we shall *see* the glory of God. And O! how clearly I have walked in the enjoyment of this promise—'If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.'

"Aug. 17th, 1840. I have not written much since my marriage. God took my darling child to himself. He taught me to resign creature comforts, and to say, Thy will be done. And then when my heart was subdued and sanctified by affliction, his compassion, his tenderness sent me another Isaac in the bestowal of my beloved husband. In the day of adversity I was led to consider: in the day of prosperity I have likewise rejoiced. But I find it necessary to rejoice with trembling, realizing so deeply, that if we lean on earth, ''twill pierce us to the heart.' This weak heart of mine passes through many struggles in endeavoring to sit loose from all below. I find it so true,—

'The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.'

"I have been in agony of soul at times when seeing the danger I was in of robbing God of his rights. He claims my undivided heart; and if aught interferes between him and me, it becomes an idol. If duties are sluggishly performed; if privileges are less valued; if the cross is shunned; then I know it will take but a few steps more to dethrone God from his rightful place in the heart.

"I have to mourn over *lost time* and misimproved privileges: still I have never lost sight of that standard of Christian experience which God so graciously set before my eyes—even entire consecration to God and his service. These few weeks back my soul has been richly growing. I have been low down in the vale of humility. It has wrought in me, I trust, conformity to the will of God, and abasement has been the chastened forerunner of joyous exaltation. Yesterday I took fresh hold of the atoning blood, by faith: I pleaded and prevailed with my heavenly Father. I gave *myself* to God.

"I have a full assurance in my heart to-day that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again. I unhesitatingly pledged myself to God, to be his and his only. I felt that I parted with all my pride, my slothful temper, my spirit of contradiction, and with the *whole of self*. I this day experience His power to save to the *uttermost*. I have made a covenant with the

triune God, and I feel that he is faithful in making me a *partaker* of his divine nature. Glory and honor to his name, who hath washed me by his precious blood! O my Saviour, hear my prayer, and keep me by the moment, so that *I shall not live*, but Christ shall live in me; and the life I do live shall be by faith in the Son of God.

"Aug. 20th. The week has nearly passed, and I have rejoiced in everything. I have prayed in the spirit without ceasing, and my soul has unceasingly returned thanks.

"Aug. 22d. This is Saturday eve. My soul is sweetly in tune. The path to glory grows brighter while I keep an uplifted eye. I am more and more in love with that charity which suffereth long and is kind; that is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil; that *bears*, *believes*, *hopes*, and *endures* all things. O may I commence the sabbath believing, loving, obeying, and enjoying that rest which belongs only to the true believer!

"Sabbath day, Aug. 23d, 1840. Heavenly Father, I *must* rely upon thee as a little child. If cares distract, or pain afflict; if comforts brighten, or if joys abound—in either case I am still dependent on thy sustaining arm; and if I lean confidently on thee for repose, thou wilt never, no, never leave nor forsake me. Blessed Saviour,

'In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"Aug. 27th. And am I indeed called to be a missionary? Am I sure that I count the cost? Or do I count *my life* dear to me; and all the comforts of home; and while viewing them, suffer at the thought of separation? Is it not the privilege of a sanctified heart to part with all these with gladness for Jesus' sake? I have felt, all along, before receiving this last refreshing shower of grace, that my *will* chose to obey God, but I sometimes feared I could not survive the separation from those I so tenderly loved. But since I have received a new spirit of consecration to God's service, I am led more to contemplate the sufficiency of the grace of God, and to feel that I shall be able fully to part with even these precious comforts, and forsake father and mother, sisters and brothers, home, friends, and country, losing sight of my affliction in the joyful spirit of sacrifice, and borne up by the consciousness that I do it for *my Master's sake*.

"Sabbath, August 30th. What a delightful *rest* I daily enjoy! If my experience were always like this, methinks I should be raised above *laboring*. My enemy seems to be chained for a season. I believe the Lord has brought me into this quiet retreat—this shady arbor of his love, to give me a foretaste of the rest that *remains* for the people of God.

"September 9th, 1840. My path is a checkered one, made up of smiles and tears. But I might know that a *life of sacrifice* implies this; and when suffering comes, I ought to be better prepared for it. But alas! I still find that shrinking flesh complains and murmurs. What language for a Christian! O! I am humbled in the dust when I discover murmurings and disobedience struggling for sway in my heart, over the meek and quiet spirit of submission! What a conflict I have had after a week's rest! My poor heart was sorely tried. Strange suggestions and fears filled my mind; and instead of looking to God, I yielded to these fears; and such a dark picture of the future was spread before me, that my soul was really harrowed, and I felt that I could almost take back my covenant vow,—that henceforth my life should be a *life of sacrifice*. What, thought I, is this the picture of such a life—one continued scene of suffering? Can I go up and face the trials, the afflictions thus spread out on the long vista before me? No, I fear I cannot endure it. I shrink—I cannot venture. I felt that to go to Buenos Ayres was like being willing to be bound with St. Paul at Jerusalem; yea, or to suffer death. I mourned and wept because of my fears. O would that I could love the cross! was the cry of my heart.

"Sept. 23d. I feel that I am come out of the

wilderness, leaning upon my Beloved. In view of my departure from my native land, I have suffered these two weeks past what I can never describe. *Home* and its joys seemed passing lovely. My loved ones! O how my heart has been torn with the prospect of a long—long separation!"

On the 28th of September, 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Howard left New-York for Buenos Ayres, to engage in missionary labor. The foregoing letters prove the strength and ardency of her affection for her parents and sisters: yet love for her Saviour could lead her to make the painful sacrifice of leaving these and all other friends that clustered round her in her native home, as she trusted, for ever.

The following lines, in her hand-writing, were left behind:—

FAREWELL.

Farewell, mother! Jesus calls me
Far away from home and thee;
Earthly love no more inthralls me,
When a bleeding cross I see.
Farewell, mother! do not pain me
By thine agonizing wo;
Those fond arms cannot detain me,
Dearest mother! I must go.

Farewell, father! O how tender
Are the chords that bind me here!
Jesus, help me to surrender
Those I love without a tear.

No, my Saviour! wert thou tearless
Leaning o'er the buried dead?
At this hour, so sad and cheerless,
Shall not burning tears be shed?

Farewell, sister! do not press me
To thy young and throbbing heart;
O no longer now distress me,—
Sister, sister, we must part.
Farewell, pale and silent brother!
How I grieve to pain thee so;
Father, mother, sister, brother,
JESUS CALLS! O let me go!

The following is her first letter on leaving home. How touchingly beautiful is its language and spirit!

TO HER MOTHER.

"On board the 'NELSON CLARK,' three o'clock, Sept. 28th, 1840.

"MY OWN DEAR, BELOVED MOTHER,—Here I am on deck, enjoying the presence of husband and brother Thomas. They are dear—very dear. I watched the boat that bore the loved away—even the best of fathers, and brothers, and sisters. My heart beat when, for the last time, we gave the parting farewell. But I remembered *your* prayer this morning, and by degrees regained quiet and joy of soul.

"O how good God is! Cannot I, for the sake of Jesus, make a sacrifice of *all* that I count gain?

He will dwell in me, and darkness shall flee away before his presence.

"Our circumstances are pleasanter, by far, than I had anticipated. No doubt after two or three days we shall have excellent appetites. How pleasant it is to see brother Thomas moving around here! I feared I should not see him again. Not yet am I afloat; for he is the last link that binds me to the family, and when I bid good by to him, my husband will help me to let you *all* go, while we attend to the duties devolving on us, and engage wholly in the service of the Lord.

"I have in expectation a life of sacrifice; but there is such a rich compensation in doing anything for the Lord, that my heart shrinks not from whatever he calls me to. So be happy, mother, on my account, and be useful, if you want to be happy, on your own account. *Work for the Lord*, and you will be led into green pastures. Good by, dearest. SUSAN."

The following lines, in her own hand, were left at the time of her departure, for her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. B.:—

Yes, my native land, I love thee:
All thy scenes, I love thee well:
Friends, connections, happy country,—
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in stranger lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I—can I say farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in moral wastes to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely native land, farewell!

In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten,
Then, in distant lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee
Native land, farewell! farewell!

LETTERS AND JOURNAL, WRITTEN DURING HER PASSAGE TO BUENOS AYRES.

"Tuesday, October 5th, 1840.

"My Beloved Parents,—It is just a week to-day since I parted from you. I *might* have

commenced writing a little earlier, but have not hurried myself, as my health admonished me to take all things easy. I will be very minute, and omit nothing that I think will interest you, or even cause you the least anxiety.

"What I write must be a kind of *diary* while on board the 'Nelson Clark,' and thus you will be made acquainted with our different circumstances as they occur.

"When dear Thomas, my well-beloved brother, left me, I cannot tell you how differently I realized that I had forsaken you all for Christ. I missed the last face of my kindred, that beamed so kindly on me, when I went down into the cabin, or walked on deck. Thomas had disappeared from our company. I watched him in the small boat that bore him swiftly from me, until he gained the pilot's vessel in the distance. Then I fancied I saw an accession of moving figures, and tried to imagine that Thomas stood on the side deck waving his handkerchief. The vessel then hastened toward its destination! and I dried my eyes and went to prayer.

"O how sweetly I realized that the Lord *loves* a cheerful giver! I was unspeakably happy in the midst of my sorrow, and caught myself exclaiming, again and again, '*I have given them to the Lord*, and now he comforts me with tokens of his approbation.' And besides this, I found myself

thrown almost as if by a new tie on the tenderness and love of my husband; and my heart was refreshed and invigorated by his redoubled assiduity and devotion.

"About eleven o'clock brother D—— and other of the passengers manifested symptoms of sea sickness; and I too soon after was entered on the sick list. O mother! mother! such horrid sickness I never conceived of before. The dinner and tea bells rung, as if in mockery. But the hours of sleep brought some refreshment; because some kind hand bade the waves to roll gently on while darkness lasted, and thereby our vessel glided smoothly on the bosom of the ocean. *We* can guess whose hand tempereth the wind.

"Saturday eve we spent enjoying each other's society, admiring the glorious expanse above and around, lit up as it was by the rays of a new moon. Our emotions were indescribable. O how delightful it is to join together and sing songs of praise to the Lord—to him who has thus far brought us on our way!

"Sabbath morn came. We noticed that silence, comparatively, reigned throughout the vessel, and the captain informed us that no work should be done but what was absolutely necessary. One by one we saw the sailors appear in their Sunday garb, and all around gave evidence that we kept holy day. About nine o'clock we commenced a

prayer meeting among ourselves, and God's presence was evidently with us. The day was consecrated thus, as our missionaries were not yet strong enough to preach.

"Our minutes drag not heavily, but each succeeding day we become more accustomed to our situation, and more reconciled.

"October 21st. Three weeks yesterday, my beloved parents, since I saw your dear, dear faces. I greet you this morning most heartily and affectionately. It is two weeks ago since I commenced this letter. I could hardly summon up courage to write since. How have I longed to get my pen, and tell you all once more how dearly I love you!

"Yesterday, at dinner, sister J. betrayed considerable emotion when reverting to the scenes she had left, and speaking of those who were dear to her. She, brother D., and I were alone at the table. He tried to comfort her, and urged her to try to love the friends she was now tabernacling with, and thus, in a measure, fill up the blanks which she seemed so sensibly to realize. Ah! she could not sincerely say, that present loved ones could remove the pains which absence from others still more precious had already planted in her bosom. I told them that I should have left *my* heart behind me too, if I had not brought my husband with me. So I could enter into her feelings. 'I have a good crying spell every once in

awhile,' said I, 'my heart becomes relieved, and then I feel better.' Brother D. was glad it was 'a *good* crying spell!'

"I love Mrs. J. She has been a sufferer—passed through many deep waters; and we have much profitable and congenial communion.

"You know *we* thought, mother and father, that our taking so many private stores with us might prove superfluous. Sister J. came on board most bountifully provided, and we have derived not a little pleasure exchanging our sweet things. O, many thanks to you, dear mother, for preparing the luxury of bottled milk so nicely. How excellent our cup of cocoa is at breakfast with milk from *home* in it!

"October 29th. We were all delighted a few days since with a sight of several dolphins, which were frisking around our vessel during the calm. They presented a beautiful sight: were of a light blue color on the back, and underneath sparkled a beautiful lining. For some time our officers and men amused themselves trying to catch one. It was quite exciting, I assure you, as so little occurred to vary our recreations. Well, finally the attempt succeeded; the black cook caught one while we were at dinner, which in a moment was deserted, to get a nearer view of the object that shone so resplendently in the water. But the bleeding dolphin, stretched on the deck, was no

longer an object of admiration. It was shorn of its beauty. I really was disappointed in its appearance, when, after just giving it a glance, I returned to the dinner table. There were a few sighs sent forth for its melancholy fate by us tender-hearted women, and not much more was heard about it that afternoon. When we sat down to tea, however, we beheld a new dish served up: and lo! it was *fresh fish*—our poor dolphin! Upon partaking thereof, we found it a most delicious relish. It almost sent me home to our own table in the spring, when fresh shad becomes one of the dainties of the season.

"So far we have had an unusually quiet time. Sometimes, while contemplating the apparent safety and convenience of a dreaded sea voyage, I find myself exclaiming, 'Well, I believe mother is destined to be a great traveler yet, and will even *dare* sea sickness, by taking a jaunt by water after a few years to see her absent Susy.'

"However, we have been sailing only in smooth waters yet. Perhaps before we finish our voyage we may see some new developments of the ocean, for it is a fickle thing. I know that though in repose she is meek and beautiful, yet, during the war of elements, she could soon founder our little bark, and engulf us in her fury. Truly,

'God plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

"Twelve o'clock has come. At one we dine. This hour I reserve for retirement. God meets with me, and reveals himself as a God of love. Farewell. Your own SUSAN."

"I have just now heard the cry, '*A sail!*' How my heart beats! We see her in the distance: ay, we approach her too! She is probably bound to America. Be still, my heart,—be not too sanguine! But O, what feelings inspire me! I may send a package *home!* For many days we have witnessed naught but the firmament above, and the deep blue sea around and beneath us: and the cry of 'Sail, ho!' sends a thrill to our bosoms.

"I sit and write, as it were, with one eye on my paper, and the other on the distant speck, which grows in the horizon. They are gazing intently on it with their glasses, but as yet cannot distinguish her colors. O how it would shorten our voyage, could I drop a letter on board! How strange, that a little incident like this should produce such a sensation with us all! They say she nears us; so I will fold my letters, direct, and seal them. Good by, mother. Make all allowance for affectionate farewells.

"———————— SHE IS GONE, mother! and my nerves are all unstrung. I was writing good by as they cried, She comes. I ran out

with palpitating heart, folding up and directing my three sheets, when a strange voice answered our mate that the ship was from Hamburgh, bound for the West Indies! and away she flew over the wide waters. I looked down upon my large packet —hid it under my apron—watched the receding vessel, and then sat me down and wept in disappointment and loneliness. It was cheering to behold other human beings besides ourselves, careering in the dignity of their own solitude over this immeasurable expanse of ocean. I shall not forget the thrill of that moment: but it passed, and then I thought, *We are alone again!*

"Friday, Oct. 30th, 1840. Good morning to all my beloved ones. You would smile, I know, dear mother, at some parts of our history aboard ship. One of the greatest inconveniences we have is our limited means of taking exercise. When we take a notion to walk, we find our perambulations quite circumscribed. To remedy this difficulty, we have resorted to the amusing exercise of *jumping the rope*, which we find very beneficial to our health. Another of our employments is assisting the sailors at the pumps, which they find necessary to use two or three times a day. We are not so expert at this, of course, but it is better exercise: and indeed, if any great storm should come, who knows but that they might call in requisition

the recreations of us weak women, as useful aid in a time of need. But you would laugh to see us performing such herculean labor.

"Nov. 4th. We have left the 'N. E. Trades' behind us, and truly do we experience now that we have entered upon variable winds. We are about four degrees from the equator, and will probably cross the line in two or three days.

"We do not experience the heat as expected, and no change of clothing has been necessary. We can always find a shade to retreat to, and so far we have not missed the refreshment of the genial sea breezes.

"On sabbath morning we again heard the welcome cry of 'Sail ahead!' Since my former disappointment we have met with vessels every two or three days, and although always objects of interest, they cease to be so exciting as when we had been so many days in loneliness upon the ocean.

"Nov. 12th. A full week since I have written. And can you guess where we are by this time? If fair winds accompany us, we *may* reach the end of our voyage in a week. However, we are determined not to be sanguine. If we should yet be two weeks on the ocean, not one word of regret or disappointment should we dare to express: for such a voyage I never conceived of, for ease, safety, and opportunities for improvement, intel-

lectually and spiritually. O what blessings we have enjoyed thus far! It has been very gratifying to us to hear the captain say again and again, 'Of all the voyages I ever made on this route, I never had one equal to this.' And again the sailors exclaim, 'We never met with such a season in crossing the ocean.' And my own heart and those of our little missionary company exclaim, 'Ah! perhaps there never was a voyage when there went forth *more fervent* and more *faithful prayer*.' God's goodness, his signal tenderness, have fallen upon us, refreshing like the 'dews of Hermon.' This consideration is almost overpowering to me. Indeed, it makes me almost an infant. Why, my dear parents, it is the *weight* of love that has been lavished upon us. O that I had an adequate weight of gratitude to return!

"Are you not glad that I am happy—contented? Surely this will ease your hearts. And I will add, that my health is excellent. I have left you, 'tis true. I shed some tears, now and then, when I remember all your care and faithful love. But God has given me a beloved companion; and he makes my hours of happiness, as well as soothes my moments of sorrow. And while we feel, father and mother, that we are devoting ourselves to this separation—this life of sacrifice—for our Master's sake, do not dare to grieve; but continue

cheerfully to *pray for our success*, and you will add to my happiness, and be rewarded in your own bosoms. Again, good by."

TO MRS. B.

"Sabbath.

"My own Sister Jane,—My elder sister, in whose name are treasured such sweet remembrances, shall I dedicate this sheet to you? Will you have the history of this sabbath day, with all its joys and regrets? Shall I unburden my heart, and pour out its gushing emotions, as if I were still by thy side, and were privileged with thy listening ear? Yes, I will; for it will recall those seasons when we walked by the way, or else were seated calmly at our employments, and talked together, like the two disciples at Emmaus, of the marvelous love of Jesus, and all the works that he had done. How our hearts burned within us, dearest, at the mention of his great name! Sometimes, too, we sought, *directly*, richer communications, by retiring to our closet, bending the knee, and addressing the throne in prayer.

"It is four weeks ago, my sister, since you and I so victoriously pleaded in private. I feel the unction that was then received, even at this hour. Thou hast prayed for me to-day,—surely thou hast. Neither from thy heart alone has a petition gone up for Susan. Though I am retired from you all, full

well I know a mother's tongue has been engaged in the same kindly office. *She* remembers the wanderer on the deep. It is an unspeakable bliss to know that absence is thus deprived of one of its trials. No distance can be so great as to throw an obstacle in the way of our meeting at one *common altar*. When I retire to my lower cabin, at my usual hour for closet devotion; when I draw the curtain that shuts not out the dashing of the waves, and the noise of the reckless, light-hearted, and buoyant sailors,—yet here I can say,

> 'Far from my thoughts vain world be gone,
> Let my religious hours alone.'

And when I lift up the tearful eye, the trembling voice, and pray for my father, my mother, sisters, and brothers, I feel that I have you all around me, and am almost enjoying your dear society.

"I arose this morning in a devotional frame of mind, and wondered whether it would prove truly a day of rest;—remembered that we had a duty to perform after breakfast, and felt solicitous that it might not be a cross. Had some apprehension lest I might come short of glorifying God by my feeble attempts.

"After breakfast our little band met on the upper deck for our prayer meeting—the ordinary exercise which distinguishes our sabbath days. We read the blessed word—we sung—we prayed.

When called upon to unite with our brethren, my heart replied, 'Lord, I am thine, and this is my reasonable service. I will embrace the opportunity of using the little that thou hast given me. If I am faithful with what is already given, I have the promise that there shall be an addition to my store.' With this feeling I united in ascribing honor and praise to God.

"The officers of our vessel generally listen to our devotions, without making a part of the meeting. A *woman* lifting up the voice of supplication is perhaps to them a novel occurrence. But I think they do not look on with indifference; because they hear fervent and sincere prayers, if not eloquent ones, for their salvation and deliverance from sin. They breathe an atmosphere of prayer; for we, our little missionary company, are striving daily, and trust to have our conversation in heaven.

"This is the sixth sabbath we have spent on board the 'Nelson Clark.' It has brought with it, as usual, sweet and gracious tokens of a Saviour's love; and we have realized as fully that it is a hallowed day, as if we were worshiping in the sacred courts—in the tabernacles for divine worship. God makes every place of his presence glorious. He is not limited to temples made with hands: but here, on the broad ocean, does the Divinity reside. He makes faithful hearts his dwelling place; and I rejoice, dear Jane, that he

dwells even in my heart. What but this cheering assurance could thus gild my pathway with an ever-during, immortal sunshine!

> 'Thy gift, alas! cannot suffice,
> Unless *thyself* be given;
> Thy presence makes my paradise,
> And where THOU art 'tis heaven.'

"You will rejoice with me, dearest Jane, when I tell you that our officers and crew pay the utmost respect to our religious exercises. I really feel hope and a strong faith that it will not be evanescent and short-lived.

"Our captain has a pious mother. He told me that he was the child of many prayers; that he had long felt he was not worshiping his Maker as he ought; and he asked me if any one *might* obtain religion if he sought it. I answered his doubts as well as I was able—offered a Saviour—set life and death before him, and then left him convicted, I think, of his heavy responsibilities.

"Jane, it is comforting to a Christian to be able to realize that he has delivered his own soul from the blood of others! I cannot tell you how soon I am brought into condemnation if I neglect an opportunity of winning a soul by direct, personal, private conversation. This is the way that God calls *me* to work. O that I may be faithful in my department of missionary labor! Our other missionaries have their peculiar duties devolving upon

them. They work in a large field: public responsibilities are resting upon them. O pray for us! Pray much that each of us, in the day of his coming, may say,

'——— I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.'

"Tell mother that the mate, to whom she spoke about swearing, has spoken to me several times about it. He says, 'I guess your mother is a very pious woman.' Besides mother's entreaty, the gentleman who owns the vessel made particular request of the officers that they would, if possible, restrain all swearing aboard during our voyage. Well, nearly five weeks have gone by, and the language of blasphemy has not, with but one exception, fallen upon our ears.

"It is sabbath afternoon, and the mate is sitting at the same table reading the Bible.

"I must now close this sheet. Adieu."

TO HER SISTER, MRS. MARY S.

"November 17th, 1840.

"My Dear Mary, and my Dear Brother Granby,*—Inclination leads me this morning to converse a little with you; you who have so long been associated with all the kindly, tender influences of *home*. I cannot but sigh at times that I have no fire-side to visit; that there

* Rev. Mr. S.

is not a little bright domestic hearth around which my fancy and my affections may linger. Murray Hill exists now only in memory. I do not venture to paint any pleasant scenes as now transpiring there; for mother is gone, and brothers are gone, and you too may be gone. O that I could realize how and where you are! But I can fancy you *living*, and both living for the glory of God, I trust, and that is all I can do. Perhaps you have become settled in some delightful rural retreat, far from the city's noise, are building up the cause of Christ, and living in the hearts of sincere and devoted parishioners. I would that it were so, could your *usefulness* and happiness be thus promoted.

"I am sick this morning. The waves are rolling high. Our vessel is tossing and pitching at such a rate, that it is with great effort I hold my head up. But I take courage. I have a *hope* of going, with the rest of our dear missionary family, to church next sabbath. This revives my spirits. Only eight hundred miles more! Good by now.

"Nov. 22. Sabbath afternoon. I did not find it convenient, dear Mary and Granby, to go to church this morning, as I expected. The reason is, we are still one hundred and fifty miles from terra firma! But I am not disappointed. It is true, I felt rather elated last Monday, when first I expected soon to be on shore again; and thought

it possible, after coming seven thousand miles, that we could *leap* over the remaining *only* seven or eight hundred in *any* time. And so, as I found every hour only brought the same regular plodding pace, I was obliged to rein in my impatience, and look at eight hundred miles as a sober matter of fact. We have had head winds and calms, and have been driven eastward when we should be going westward. And here it is Sunday, and no land visible yet: but all's well!

> 'Even vessels may palaces prove,
> If Jesus doth dwell with us there.'

It is the Lord who makes it pleasant.

"I cannot tell you, my dear brother and sister, how much I prize *intimate communion* with God here on the ocean. How I rejoice that he has led me to make an *entire consecration* of all my being, my *whole self*, to him! I can truly say,—

> 'Master, I own thy lawful claim,
> Thine, wholly thine, resolved to be.'

I feel more and more awake to the honor that is conferred upon me, of being called to make this sacrifice for God—that of journeying in a strange land, to assist in rearing the banner of the Lord. And here I must give this testimony: Even if I should die before having an opportunity to be useful, I feel that through the goodness of God nothing would be lost; for I am confident this voyage,

this separation has made me a more humble Christian—a more spiritual one; and therefore I feel that I should enjoy heaven *now*, and be better prepared for its higher felicities than when I left home.

"Nov. 24th. This morning my heart was thrilled with the cry of 'Land, ho!' I went out from the breakfast table with the rest, and with deep emotion strained my eyes to catch the rapturous vision. I saw a range of seeming gray clouds along the horizon, and I was so foolish as to *weep away* the first emotions, and then returned to my breakfast. But still my heart was choking. By and by we had family devotion; and afterward, upon going out of the cabin, our 'land' had floated away with a few other clouds. It was an illusion. They told me it is an easy matter to be deceived by such appearances: yet the land could not be far distant, and we might see it in an hour or two. So, with a good heart we bore our disappointment, and at eleven o'clock the cry again saluted our ears. I was lying in my berth, still troubled by occasional sickness; but I *lay still*, and even took a *quiet nap*. When I awoke I could distinguish a small dark point in the distance; but still it was so distinct in shape and feature, that I knew it must be something more than gray clouds.

"It is now five o'clock, and we are fast ap-

proaching land! It is called Maldonado, and we are yet about sixty miles from Monte Video.

"Methinks I shall never hesitate to take a sea voyage hereafter. I have enjoyed myself so much, and have come so far short of realizing my dreaded anticipations of danger; and then such kind, worthy officers, and good-natured crew have been our associates, that I believe I shall have another crying spell when I come to take my adieu of the place which has been such a pleasant home to me. Nevertheless, with joy will I welcome the blue hills before me! Adieu."

TO MR. N. W. B.

"Monte Video Harbor, Nov. 25th, 1840.

"Dear N.—Here we are! O what exciting scenes! At twelve o'clock last night Mr. Howard called me up to view the city, and I could almost imagine myself back in dear New-York Bay again, to see the distant spires and dwellings risings above each other, and public buildings distinguishable even in the darkness of night; and what added most to the effect was, the innumerable lights of the city sparkling in the distance. Our vessel anchored about three miles from the city, and then we retired to sleep till early dawn, at which time we arose and attired ourselves once more in our holyday suits, prepared to land.

"Coming on deck, we had not only a fine view of the city of Monte Video, and the rising hills in the distance, but what to us appeared singular, a long line of French frigates and men-of-war, all turned *from* port, apparently bound to sea. Bright anticipations assured us, what afterward proved to be true, that the blockade of Buenos Ayres was removed. A boat from an American man-of-war boarded us to receive dispatches. They informed us that the French fleet were returning to France. O what joyful tidings, and coincidence too, that the blockade should be raised the very day of our arrival! We have been just fifty-five days, and all well. Good by."

TO HER PARENTS.

"Monte Video, Dec. 8th, 1840.

"My Beloved Parents,—I have already written several letters, which will convey to you the particulars of the new scenes which I have passed through since I left my home and dearly beloved ones. We remained on board three or four days after our arrival, in expectation of receiving commands from the owners, and then accepted brother Norris's invitation (our missionary at Monte Video) to stay at his house awhile.

"This is the sabbath, and just a week since I planted my feet upon hallowed missionary ground.

My first act was an inward consecration to the Being who had thus called me to a life of sacrifice, and brought me thus far on my way.

"At eleven o'clock the congregation assembled at brother Norris's own house for public worship. He has two large rooms which are occupied for that purpose, until the erection of a church, which is already in contemplation. I confess I expected to see a few poor, hungry Christian souls, sitting under the ministry of the word, in company with some of the lower classes of the population: but what was my surprise to behold an assembly vying in respectability with the first of our New-York congregations. I could not have been more surprised had I seen Trinity church transplanted to this foreign, unchristian country.

"There is no Protestant church in Monte Video except the small charge over which brother Norris presides, and I find that most of the respectable class of foreigners, of all denominations, hasten on the sabbath and mingle in the devotional exercises as administered here.

"To-day we have received letters to proceed to-morrow on our way to Buenos Ayres. We have found very polite and agreeable society here. The missionary is loved, and all have received the kindest attention. I am glad to notice that deep piety of heart is not necessarily bound to the form of coarseness of manners. It is certainly

not necessary for one who would honor his profession in the midst of the world to become cold and repulsive to make religion shine, and grace to be acknowledged. How earnestly I pray for divine influence, that I may honor God, and be instrumental in winning souls. Farewell."

CHAPTER V.

Letters—Arrival at Buenos Ayres—First impressions—Extracts from her letters—Unfavorable prospects of the mission school—Failure of her health—Serious exercises of mind—Birth of a daughter—Letters and diary.

TO HER BROTHER T.

"Buenos Ayres, Dec. 19, 1840.

"My Well-beloved Brother,—I have reserved this sheet to complete the account of my voyage and settlement in the land of my destination. Well do I remember the kind speech that dropped from your lips just as you were about parting with me, when our vessel no longer required the pilot's guidance, and was already leaping forward to the broad ocean's bosom. You said, with the arm of brotherly affection encircling me, 'Ah, would it were I, instead of you, that was called to breast the stormy billow, and encounter the trials and dangers of the sea. My hardy frame

is better calculated to endure exposure than your delicate form.'

"You may have forgotten this, but word for word has rung in my ear, as well as a thousand recollections which my heart has stored up of thee, of home, and kindred. But I have entered upon a life of *sacrifice*, and I find it absolutely necessary to ward off the approach of seasons which indicate too deep emotions at the thoughts of absent loved ones; and I have to make constant effort to lock up my sensibilities when these themes are the subject of my contemplation. But the Lord keeps me in perfect peace when my mind is stayed on him.

"O how often I wished you on board our vessel when our eyes were presented with the gorgeous, magnificent sunsets, and the calm, placid, *moonlit sea;* and when we crossed the line and entered upon the broad South Atlantic—then I wished for you to gaze, with me, on the *new* firmament above us, bespangled with glorious constellations which had never appeared to our vision in the northern hemisphere. It supplied us with new studies in the refreshing cool of the evening, and opened to us sources of pure and sublime enjoyment. Mr. H. was our Newton, and our telescope too; for we could discover the positions of the different stars, and the orders of strange constellations, only from the borrowed illumination which

his superior light and knowledge of the stellar world conveyed to us. Indeed, he succeeded in inspiring us all with his own passion for star-gazing.

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"And now I am at Buenos Ayres. We heard many alarming reports before we arrived, but all is quiet and safe.

"No school premises are purchased yet, though there may be soon. We board with a Spanish family, and I am surrounded with unknown tongues.

"Dec. 25th. Christmas day! I need to imagine myself home to-day, surrounded by some dear familiar faces, to realize at all that this annual season of festivity has really come: for here are no merry greetings—no Christmas gatherings—no cold winds.

"Our hours for meals would perhaps just suit you—breakfast at nine, dinner at four, and supper at ten. I am now getting used to these hours; but as for the cooking, I never, never can endure some of the dishes. Instead of turnips and potatoes for daily sauce, they fry up together in sweet oil, tomato, onion, string-beans, squash, pumpkin, egg, sugar, and raisins; and a fine mess it is! I eschew it with all my heart. Some of the dishes are, however, excellent, and out of four or five courses I can generally make a good meal.

"Buenos Ayres is a beautiful city, at least compared with Monte Video. It is laid out in regular squares, like Philadelphia. The Catholic churches are all splendid; but the cathedral, their principal place of worship, excels in magnificence and sublimity of architecture anything of the kind I ever beheld.

"There are some attractive-looking devotees—some dark-eyed Spanish girls with their large shawls thrown gracefully around their persons and over their heads. In their kneeling posture on the floor, or by the confessional chair, they certainly add interest to the scene.

"The spacious wide churches have no pews and aisles like our northern places of worship. But the floor is carpeted, chairs are scattered here and there, and kneeling worshipers occupy and fill the whole space.

"We expect to find good society here. Those with whom we have already become acquainted, Americans, are ladies and gentlemen who evidently moved in the highest and most polished circles of our northern cities; and one Spanish family of wealth and respectability I expect to find good friends. A dear girl, an only child of a widowed mother, said, the first evening of our acquaintance, 'I will be your sister;' and the accents, though uttered in broken English, fell sweetly upon my ear. She is very accomplished,

has a superior education, and plays elegantly on the piano and guitar. She is about twenty. Her mother says she will be *my* mother.

"Your ever-affectionate sister,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

"BUENOS AYRES, Jan. 21st, 1841.

"MY DEARLY-BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER,—I am so glad of the prospect of sending later news. Here we have been now almost six weeks, and I have had time to look about me, to settle my mind, to form conclusions, and to prepare for action; and I am happy that my tidings, so far, will give you pleasure, and increasing confidence in that God of love whose eyes are ever upon the righteous, and whose ears are ever open to their prayer.

"I am really delighted with Buenos Ayres. Viewed by moonlight, it is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. We frequently direct our steps to the beach, where the carts rode out near a quarter of a mile in the water to meet us when we arrived. And then the beautiful broad La Plata, the body of water before us, stretches out apparently as the broad Atlantic, and I never look upon it without deep emotions, as I think, Shall I ever launch upon its bosom again, with the prospect of being borne homeward?

"We have many very kind friends here, who,

though of all denominations, attend our place of worship. How I love Mrs. ——! She is just my own age, has been married just so long—on all points there is a similarity, except that she is wealthy, and the good Lord makes that difference to contribute to my comfort. Father and mother, ought I not to trust Him? I do try, as opportunity occurs, to acknowledge the Lord in my ways, in my associations and intercourse with society. It is always before me when I go out and when I come in, that a consistent Christian example, in a place like this, must honor and glorify God. O may I be faithful in my allegiance to Him! *Then*, and *then* only, my light shall shine.

"Your own SUSAN. H."

FROM HER DIARY.

"Jan., 1841. My prayer is, Make me *willing* to live and *suffer* just as long as it is *thy* will; and since this has been my prayer, I have had much more consolation in looking forward to the promised mansion in that heavenly place where the Lamb of God is the sun, and where He will wipe away all tears from our eyes."

The great object of the Board, the establishment of a mission school, was not accomplished for want of the requisite funds and other discou-

ragements. Mrs. Howard's ardent expectations of making herself actively useful were not fully realized. And this, with her health somewhat impaired, was a source of trial of both body and mind; and caused her to turn her thoughts once more to her beloved friends and native land. Yet we find these struggles constantly settling down into a pious resignation to the divine will.

"Sabbath, February. And what have been the dealings of the Lord with thee this week, my soul? O Father, they have been those of love and wisdom. Thou hast sent sickness to try me, to warn me, and to bless me. Seven days of suffering I have spent, as have not fallen to my lot for many years. But O what unspeakable comfort I have enjoyed in thee! Thou gavest me food daily, and it was angels' food; and madest water to gush from the rock, when my poor soul and body were parched with thirst; so that truly I drank from that stream that makes glad the city of our God. Peace, peace has flowed into my heart every day while I felt the Spirit whispering, 'Thou art mine; when thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee.'

"I have just retired from my closet, where I found blessed company, and where I plead that while my dear husband is preaching God's word,

a sacred unction might rest upon him. I cannot meet *with* him, but I can pray *for* him.

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When at his throne we meet!"

"Buenos Ayres, Feb. 7, 1841.

"My Dearly-beloved Father and Mother,—Yesterday Mr. Howard said to me, There is an American vessel just arrived from New-York. I was laboring under some debility from chills and fever when he spoke to me, and perhaps in part from the distressing heat, which, our friends say, has seldom been equaled here. He went down to the post-office, and soon returned with a *letter*. I could scarcely believe it, so little had I expected, yet so much had I wished. I received it calmly, even without a tear, though I imagined all along I should be so much overpowered with my *first* news from home.

"It was from my dear sister J. It told me all about her own dear little family. Next she told me good news of my beloved father. She said he was living near to God—was well and happy, and usefully and deeply engaged in the practical exercises of religion. This was enough for me; the fountains were unsealed, and I said, Now, Lord, I am satisfied. I could now lie down in

peace, with no other tidings from home, and there I lay weeping and giving vent to grateful and happy emotions. Mr. Howard now returned, and scattered a *shower of papers and letters* all over me. I was overjoyed, and yielded to gratitude almost unbounded. My trembling fingers soon took them up, and I counted *twelve.*

"I looked for a letter from dear mother, but she had not returned from Cincinnati. Dear father, yours was the first I read; and O how happy my heart was to think you remembered your daughter—the child of your love and *your prayers*—the child of your protection in after years—and the child who leaned on you for several years, not only as a parent, but as a *companion* and *friend!* We walked together to God's house, united in the same exercises; we supported each other in affliction, and, as father and daughter, have shared each other's sympathies.

"O my loved and honored parent, God blesses *me* when he blesses *you;* and to hear now, in this strange and distant land, of your happiness and *faithfulness*, mixes such joy in my cup that I think, What sufferings could I not bear now, when balanced by such blessings! Farewell. We shall write soon again.

"Your own dear SUSAN."

TO HER MOTHER.

"Buenos Ayres, Feb. 15th, 1841.

"My own Sweet Mother,—I have not got one letter yet from your own dear hand, but I have perused the tattered and torn ones that dear father had probably kept in his pocket, which he received from you from Cincinnati, and was kind enough to *part with* for my satisfaction. They have comforted him, and now they comfort me; for I read them with large eyes, I assure you.

"Last night I retired early, but could not sleep. I tossed and worried about, your dear image hovered around me so. It seemed at times that I must clasp you in my arms and kiss your dear lips. My heart *yearned* for one of my mother's kisses.

"To-day is sabbath—sweet day of rest. Mr. Howard and I had a pleasant walk to church, where we heard brother D. preach. You have been with me to-day, dear mother, and the communion has been productive of happiness. Mother, are you living very near to Jesus to-day? Perhaps that is the secret of it. I have no doubt the closer we abide in the Vine, the more sweetly shall our spirits blend together. I have felt peculiarly to-day how precious He is to those who believe.

"16th. I am so glad you are all at Murray Hill this winter. I sometimes wish that I had

wings that I could, with speedy flight, perch myself on the piano-stool in the back parlor—play *Amilie* for sister Mary and S——, and for dear father "*The Lord will provide*"—then enjoy the dear circle, Jenny and N. included, by the glowing anthracite fire—rejoice to hear all the news—then snatch a parting kiss, and fly back again to my husband. Methinks I could sing to him, after such an absence, 'Lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

"If I am never to see you again, I believe God will make me resigned even to that. For he would make it still more my meat and drink to do *his will;* and what more should I require? One thing I am sure—no other ties can ever supplant those that have been so long, long formed; though, thank the Lord! other and new affections can keep my heart green and susceptible of happiness.

"Wide though we are severed, and perhaps parted for ever, how good, how tender is our Lord! And to think one day of being with him, seeing him as he is, and changed into his own glorious image! O for grateful hearts!

"Sweet mother, are you living *momentarily* by faith in the Son of God? Have you that spirit of *giving up*, of *yielding all* to the will of God? And your mind being thus stayed on him, have you per-

fect peace? Write to me particularly of your spiritual exercises. O if you knew how the *language* and *spirit* of your letters, and the *tenderness* which breathes through them, comfort your dear Susan, you certainly would be the most faithful correspondent I have. Do, then, write volumes to me.

"Now, good by. Kiss my dear, dear father, and both love and pray for your own beloved

"SUSAN."

TO MRS. J. B. AND M. S.

"BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 15th, 1841.

"MY OWN SWEET SISTERS,—I cannot let an opportunity slip of acknowledging to you both how much joy your dear letters afforded me. Sweet sisters of my heart, Jane and Mary! We once had a third,* but she blooms in fairer regions. O how tender my feelings are at this moment, while I thus address you! The elder sister hath ever set me a bright *example*, and at the same time by precept *urged* me forward to noble exertions; and been my companion in the narrow walks of holiness. O, Jane! can *we* easily forget one another?

"On receiving that second letter, I said, O *here* is my warm-hearted Jane! She does love to talk over those sweet seasons we used to en-

* Harriet Maria.

joy together, and, like me, the tear is elicited at each remembrance. Do you know, my dear Jane, that the half hour we spent alone the sabbath before we parted will have an influence on the whole life that I spend, whether it be long or short, in Buenos Ayres? It was *then* and *there* that I made the *final* surrender. *Now* I realize that I had fully counted the cost; and in view of death, in view of a *final* separation, I gave my beloved ones all up to the Lord.

"And now Satan often whispers, You may be called to die now, and not have one of their welcome hands to smooth your pillow—not one word of sympathy or love from those precious ones to comfort you in that trying hour. But he has been hitherto foiled in a moment; for I immediately go back to *that hour*, and answer, I gave them all up *for ever*, if God should require it, before I left home; and now my own happiness requires me to *keep them offered*. So, if I am ever called to die here, my God will take care that I shall never regret making that sacrifice for him. Am I not right, dearest Jane? Who ever trusted in the Lord, and was confounded?

"And is Mary with you, Jane? Are you so privileged as still to meet, and give the ready kiss, and whisper in listening ears each other's joys and sorrows? I don't envy you, sweet sisters! No; but while there are two of you *yet*, love as

dearly as you can, for when once separated and gone, you cannot easily find a sister.

"My Mary, *we* used to unbosom our hearts, when our heads were laid nightly on the pillow. I ever felt a cherished love toward *you*, dearest! You grew and ripened into womanhood while I a second time experienced the fostering care of the kindest and best beloved of parents. We lived and loved together, Mary, as we passed through checkered scenes, trials, and suffering, almost apart from the rest of our sisters and brothers, and *thus* were our hearts knit. I have bright thoughts of you now. I see you elevated and bearing the true character of a pastor's wife.

"My hope kindles when I think her sphere is marked—the post of duty is assigned to her; and she *will shine* as one of the most humble and devoted followers of our Lord.

"It does not appear presumptuous, dear Mary, to look for fruit when we labor for our Saviour's cause. He will surely use us, weak instruments as we are, if we only keep our eye single to honor and glorify him. So be encouraged, sweet sister. Work with your husband—lighten his labors with your fervent prayers—sow together, and God will permit you to reap. It delighted my heart to hear of your bearing a part in the female prayer meeting. May you, though young, be to your husband's little flock an example of the

believer in everything. And now adieu, my dear sisters.

"Your own affectionate, absent one,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

FROM HER DIARY.

"March 20. Thou hast made use of sickness and debility of body, my heavenly Father, to keep me from running in the ways of pleasure and carnal ease. Thou art about my path continually, as a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. Thou hast made my bodily weaknesses and infirmities subservient to my soul's welfare. The language of my heart now is, The cup that my Father giveth, shall I not drink of it? Yea, Lord, as seemeth good in thy sight."

On the 19th of April Mrs. Howard gave birth to a daughter, who was named Emma Bertha.

"BUENOS AYRES, June, 1841.

"MY DEARLY-BELOVED MOTHER,—After a long, long silence, I sit, with my babe in my lap, to commence the pleasing task of answering your welcome and long-expected letter. I am happy, dearest mother! I am still among the living, and rich blessings have been added to my store since I last wrote and bade you adieu, with but little prospect, as I thought, of ever addressing you again.

"I must confess now that I am a mother—my mind composed and tranquil—I have more yearnings of heart to embrace those from whom I have been for months separated; but I can only commit you to the everlasting arms. My duty is still here.

"I can almost imagine I hear my loved father's voice sometimes, and that I am mingling with you all in class, when I take up my hymn book, and read the hymn on the 146th page, which I have so often heard for several years past. O could I give in my testimony now to the beloved class, I would say, The promise I daily, hourly verify, 'I will love Him, and manifest myself to him!' In a strange land, enfeebled by sickness, and compelled at present to inactivity in that blessed cause for which I love to work, yet I hear a voice whisper, 'Be still, and know that I am God!' And while I strive to do His will, the blessed Jesus leads me into green pastures and beside the still waters.

"I have experienced many trials in Buenos Ayres. I think the climate does not agree with me, my health is so delicate. The disease peculiar to this country (a form of dysentery) seems to find an apt subject in me. I suffered so much recently, that a very little more would have carried me to the grave.

"But I am now where I can speak of the least

symptom of bodily complaint to a kind-hearted, tender mother, (and I can get beef-steak, potatoes, and onions, *without swimming in sweet oil!*)

"Mother, your letter was inexpressibly comforting. I received it on a sick-bed, and O how it cheered and sustained me! Well, go on together, dear mother, in the heavenly way. Father, dearest father, don't forget me!

"Yours with deep love,

"SUSAN."

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

"Buenos Ayres, Saturday, July 10th, 1841. I will note down for you, dear mother, in the form of a diary, a few of the occurrences and thoughts of each day. My head is sore to-day. O how often I say within, Ah! that *she* were here! My poor little infant is suffering from a dreadful eruption. I have so little fortitude when I take the little sufferer in my arms, that I scarcely know where to place my hand for fear of resting on a sore spot. I can scarcely bear to think of her continuing thus for any length of time. How often I think of mother's sympathy, and sister Jane's example! In everything she rises before me as my model. I never before realized the worth, nor benefited by the example, of that retired, unassuming, excellent sister, as I do now that I am separated from her. I think dear Mar-

will feel as I do, as responsibilities increase upon her; but no, she cannot as much as I, for she resembles our elder sister more than I do.

"Sabbath, July 11th. And a sweet sabbath it is! I wish you could see the sun rise in Buenos Ayres, mother. I wish you could witness the enlivening cheerful rays that throw their brightness into the domestic harbor of your own Susan and Howard this lovely sabbath day. I have taken my rest, and my face looks no longer sad as it did yesterday. It speaks the language of trust and hope.

"At the sound of the 'church-going bell,' I hastened to our little chapel. Brother Dempster preached with his usual liberty, from 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;' which text alone was sufficient to promote joy and thankfulness in the Christian's heart.

"Afternoon. How good the Lord has been to me to-day, this first day of the week! Mr. Howard is preaching now, and daughter lies dozing in my lap—a good time to meditate and think of all God's loving kindness. I feel that the Lord has strengthened my soul and nerved me afresh for the trials and conflicts of the ensuing week.

"Tuesday, 13th. To-night is class night, and while our daughter is sleeping quietly I will leave her in the care of kind Mrs. D. Again I am

constrained to say, how good the Lord is! My way is opened to attend the means of grace, and I trust in good time the door will be opened whereby I may become active and useful in the service of God. If not, he will teach me to learn duty and obedience *at home*.

"July 18th. Our dear little one is still a sufferer. My heart is better sustained, I think, than at the first. She is exceedingly interesting, and the channel of our affection for her wears deeper and deeper. Her afflictions tend to elicit more intense interest than even if she were enjoying all the heyday of healthy and blissful infancy.

"Tuesday, 27th. I have just been conversing with the Lord. My closet duties are inestimable privileges. How God teaches and guides us, and builds us up by promises and renewed manifestations of himself! I have been asking, tremblingly, for divine influence. I say tremblingly, for I know what a responsibility the possession of it will leave upon me. I know that when God bestows this part of himself upon a believer, it is that he may go and reflect it upon others. I feel, therefore, that it is a serious, solemn thing to offer up a petition for that which is to require us to shine forth as a consistent *example* of the believer in exhibiting the lovely graces of the Spirit.

"20th. One would think I can have no occasion for conflict with a carnal spirit—a lack of

spirituality—I am so shut out from the allurements and gayeties of the world, and have not much to engross my time but an afflicted babe. And yet *self* and Satan are always ready for the contest, and as diligent and successful, perhaps, in wounding me, as if I were really more pressed by worldly cares and anxieties. The Christian, it appears to me, can never cease to lament his proneness to grieve, to wander from his God.

"August 2d. The weather is cold. My winter clothing is now very acceptable—my coat, cloak, and *muff*. A young Spanish lad asked Mrs. D., 'Where did Senora get that *big glove* from?' An entire black dress among the Spanish ladies is the only one of any consideration. A black silk dress, with a black mantilla, a scarf similar to our light pongee, worn over the head, and hanging down near to the feet, indisputably characterizes them as of the gentility. However, they have other fashions which are very beautiful. The lace veil, thrown over the head and shoulders, is exceedingly graceful and becoming. As for a hat, they never wear one, nor cover the head, except with a shawl or veil, in the coldest weather.

"The ladies wear no caps, and no matter how gray they become, they keep the head unadorned. Most of them of your age, mother, wear the hair parted behind, and hanging down in two long

plaits, like our little girls at home. Some of the old ladies look shocking! Their gray hair is pulled straight back off the forehead, and hangs all loose behind. They remind me of some of the witches I have read of.

"August 5th. Yesterday we held our little female prayer meeting. But few attended, though we expected more. It was a delightful season. O that God would carry it on, even from these early struggles, to become a strong and powerful means of grace! Pray for us, and for the success of the mission.

"Sept. 10th. A month has passed since I last wrote. Dear sweet daughter is gradually growing better. Tell the dear children, sister Jane, that the Lord has given their aunt Susan, in place of her little Harriet, whom he took to heaven, a sweet little Buenos Ayrean girl, and she is their cousin, and is now about five months old. The black girls are so fond of her that they leave their work to play with 'the dear Senorita,' as they call her.

"Sept. 13th. A vessel will sail to-morrow for New-York, and I will forward what I have written. A great deal perhaps you will think very simple, but I thought the more I dealt in particulars, the more satisfactory it would be to a mother's heart.

"I am learning strange lessons. I often think

of an answer the Rev. Mrs. J. made me when I was speaking to her one day of my prospects of going to South America, and of my plans and hopes of usefulness. I spoke of female prayer meetings, and Bible classes, &c. She said, 'Don't let your mind flatter yourself too much that way. Your husband has got to be the laborer for the church, and the active one in working for the Lord; and you go to take care of him while he works, and will be doing good at the same time even in your domestic duties.' And she said, she had laid out such plans for herself when she became a minister's wife, but her sphere of duty changed, and *home* as her field of action became paramount over every other. So she gave me to expect in coming here. But it seemed rather a common-place object for an ardent missionary to have in view. His or her duties I thought should be almost wholly spiritual.

"Well, I am now here, and often have I to smile. I have hardly had aught to do thus far but domestic duties, as sister J. said. I am entirely thrown upon myself, and every moment of my time comes loaded with domestic care. I have literally as much as I can do, and as much as the Lord calls me to do, (until other opportunities are placed within my reach,) to take care of myself, my husband, and my dear afflicted baby. I do not mean toil and laborious work fill

up my time, for this is in nowise the case. I only speak of my time being so completely engrossed in temporal duties in contradistinction from the spiritual demands which I thought were almost the sole attendants on a missionary life. But quite contented should I be without laboring all that was in my power for God, did he let me enjoy these blessings—these cares, without any drawback on my comfort—without something to remind me I am not to sit down *here* and take my ease. I should have nothing to try my graces, and to incite trust in God, had I freedom from all anxieties and trials. So you see I am *learning*, if I am not *doing*, and it is comforting to think, that God accepts according to what a man hath, not what he hath not."

CHAPTER VI.

Extracts from letters—Depression of spirits—Probable suspension of the mission—Prospect of returning to the United States—Letters and diary—Arrival in New-York.

TO HER PARENTS.

"BUENOS AYRES, Oct. 13th, 1841.

"WHERE are ye all, beloved ones? My parents, are they no more? My sisters, do they cast me off? O I hoped you would ever hold me dear! Unworthy am I of your remembrance; but still I reckoned upon the faithful lovers at *home;* and thought, *There* shall I ever find affection. But do I right to mourn yet? I will wait till the next arrival. If any are sick or dead I will surely hear of it then.

"I cannot write much. I am happy in my family. My babe is well. She is prospering and very lovely. I keep house, and remain just as when I last wrote, enjoying better health than for some time.

"As for society, we have many precious friends, and peculiarly endeared to us by kindness in affliction. Mr. Howard is well and contented; but living in the hope *that Providence will, in his own time, remove us to another field of labor.* To this will both of us be submissive, if it should prove

the will of God; if not, here are means enough of happiness and usefulness.

"Let me be assured all is well and smiling at *home*, and I care not what spot on earth holds me: but without this, even with beloved husband and child, I am faint and trembling, and sometimes almost sick at heart. This is wrong, perhaps. I do not murmur; but you know not how sad one feels, when thousands of miles away, to have months pass away without one word or any tidings from home. So farewell till I hear. If any of you are sick, expecting to go to heaven, watch over me and mine when you dwell in the spirit land. If I go first, I will pray the Father to make me a ministering angel.

"Yours, faithfully,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

The foregoing letter, in language of deep emotion, conveys the anxieties of filial affection during a period of several months that no letter had reached her from home. This depression of mind was not inconsistent with that surrender which she had made of "home, and all that bound her there," for the higher calls of duty in a distant land. It was in this state of mind that she received a welcome and long-expected package from home. She immediately sat down and wrote the following touching lines, full of pathos and poetic beauty.

Her husband writes,—"The next morning, after the letters were received, I found the following *jubilate* in the corner of the room, and put it in my pocket without her missing it."

"Weary, weary months has my spirit inquired, 'Say, do they love thee still?' I touched the keys of the piano; it caught the strain, and plaintively sung, 'Do they love thee still?' I looked in the cherub face of my own little one, and methought, as the tear gathered in my eye, her infant expression was, '*Mother, do they love thee still?*' A token of affection from husband told me of tenderness and warmth here, and enticed me to a momentary forgetfulness: but alas! the cloud arose again—sombre reflections gathered—my spirit would not be hushed, but its voice impatiently rose, 'Do they love thee still?' A gentle breeze wafted through the casement, and soft echo answered, '*Still.*'

"And now from morn till dewy eve I carol upon the house top; I laugh to the merry summer winds; I breathe joy and gladness in my terrace walks and through the shrubbery lawn, and sing around my domestic hearth,—

'*There is* a home of love
This side the spirit land;
Though oceans roll between,
Immutably it stands.
No blight or mildew throws its sickening gloom,
Where love triumphant sits, in amaranthine bloom.'

"Nov. 25th, 1841."

Owing to causes previously stated, it was determined by the Board to withdraw the mission, and intimation of it had already reached Mrs. Howard, as will be seen in the following letter. Her greatest cross was, that she could not make herself more *actively useful* in South America: and this reconciled her to return to the United States, and even to welcome the prospect with a joyful heart.

TO HER BROTHER.

"Buenos Ayres, Dec. 12th, 1841.

"My own Dear Thomas,—My heart leaped for joy at again beholding your familiar handwriting after so long a silence; and it rejoiced a second time when I ascertained it was written in dear New-York, *at home*.

"It is quite possible the time will soon arrive when we may join you there. From the turn of affairs I have some reason to think that this may be the case; and in so short a time as a very few months we may end our sojourn in this distant land. However, I am very quiet about it; for I am wonderfully in love with another country, which is 'far better:' and if the great Head of missions should call me to that region, I should leave my representative here in Buenos Ayres in the English cemetery, while I, at my heavenly Father's bidding, cheerfully accepted the inviting

call to a riper field. I gave all up when I left New-York; and yet it appears to me I am going to be sent back.

* * * * * * *

"I am glad you did not fill your sheet with accounts of President Harrison's death. It was mournful indeed; but for *six months*, during which time I received no letter from home, every paper that met my eye was filled with tidings of this melancholy event. A number of us foreigners exchange papers here, and all that gave full accounts of the sickness, death, funeral, obsequies, eulogies, sermons, *et cetera*, bundle after bundle, would come under our inspection during the six months. At last I said to Mr. Howard, What *shall* I do, if my letters reach me, after months of suspense, loaded with the same sad tidings?

"My letters *did* come, and later papers too, and my fearful anticipations were not realized. But I was mischievous enough to laugh outright, with the big tears on my cheek, when I came to the few simple words on this subject, which dear sister put in her letter,—'*I suppose you have heard of the death of our late venerable president!!*' I could endure it no longer.

"O with what a bounding heart I opened and read each family letter! After the anguish I endured from your long silence, this was cordial to me. Farewell. SUSAN."

TO MRS. J. B.

"Buenos Ayres, Dec. 16th, 1841.

"My Sweet Sister,—I now come to my dear, faithful correspondent, Jane. O if I live to weep on your bosoms, and to share again in the endearments of home, methinks I could say, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace!' It seems to me doubtful now whether the Lord will ever let me go. Well, I am his.

"I see you are all getting along comfortably in the religious life. Poor me, how cold I am! I am hungry, yet without food. Even the means of grace I enjoy on the sabbath scarcely satisfy my spiritual craving.

"We have a class meeting every fortnight. These are the only times I hear the name of Jesus mentioned. Professors of religion are *too polite* to talk irreverently of that name by speaking it *before each other!* O, it is a desolate land! God does not appear to bless missionary labor here. Our prayer meeting also broke up, by the illness of my child. I fear the want of holiness is the drought that rests upon us. I think however, dear sister, I have profited during my sojourn in this land. I have learned some of the grace of endurance, for I have suffered much, and I have been thrown on my own resources. I have also had

hours of bliss in this land. I have never felt the absence of my Father's overshadowing love. I have experienced true domestic comfort, though clouded. I suppose if I ever reach home again, I shall look upon this as, after all, one of the happiest eras of my life.

"I have received a letter from M. D., telling me she had come to a resolution to give herself up to God: and she said, 'Perhaps it will encourage you when I tell you, it is through the influence of your words and letter; and now I resolve to be a Christian.' Jane, I wept. God sometimes honors me, unworthy as I am. One soul would a thousand times compensate me for all I am called to suffer here.

"Pray for me, sweet sister, and if you would *do good*, write oftener, for your words have peculiar influence, and I ever benefit by your counsels.

"Your own SUSAN."

FROM HER DIARY.

"Buenos Ayres, January 2d, 1842. I have entered upon another new year. Fourteen months have passed of my sojourn in this desert land. Surrounded with blessings and mercies as I am, do I commence the year breathing forth praise and genuine devotion? What has transpired through the past year? No funeral knell has tolled for the dear departed! Death has stood

aloof from my little circle ! Instead of a breach, I find a new link added to my earthly happiness—even a lovely babe : precious, precious gift !"

TO MR. J. B. T.

(*A student of the ministry.*)

"Buenos Ayres, Feb. 12th, 1842.

"Dear Friend,—Every token which I receive in the form of a letter from 'my native land' is a cordial to my heart. If ever you travel to foreign shores, especially as a missionary of Christ, you will then know how soothing, how elevating is the influence of Christian sympathy. It builds us up, nerves us for conflict, and kindly transports us back to other days—other scenes, when we enjoyed the presence of the Lord, unshadowed by loneliness or absence from dearly-beloved circles.

"Perhaps you will think strangely to hear me speak thus of my separation from home. You may think I cannot appreciate or exalt, so highly as I once did, that hallowed cause for which I came out here, if I associate it with loneliness or a sense of deprivation. With regard to the comforts and sociabilities of life, I have nothing to complain. I have been surrounded, in this city of the south, with all these agreeable ingredients in the cup of life. But *I am disappointed.* If ever a warm-hearted, self-devoted Christian *chose* a life of sacrifice to a life of ease and social enjoyment,

it appears to me when I look back, if I do not deceive myself, I did so when I left my father's home. Suffering in every form was presented to me; but I welcomed, after severe struggles, every prospect.

"Now, my disappointment is in this; my trials have been altogether different from what I had imagined to be the unquestionable accompaniments of a missionary's life. It did not enter into my mind that I should have to resist a soft and indolent spirit. The fear of being '*at ease in Zion*' on missionary ground was not one of the expected sufferings. I have been called to be rather a passive looker on. A life of *submission*, not of *action*, appears to have been my dispensation in this place. O how I have mourned and grieved after opportunities where I could hope to *do* something for God! But my way has been ever shut up. There is no tract distributing here. My ardent efforts to persuade a few to worship in a female prayer meeting met with coolness and indifference. If I speak the loved name of Jesus, I meet with but little holy counsel; no congenial responses. Truly it is a gloomy land for Christians to dwell in. They see all around them the pomp, the gaudy exteriors of religion, and yet surrounded by souls in darkness and delusion.

"Our Missionary Board at home, partly from a view that little can be done at *present* in South

America, and on account of being in debt, have recently recalled all our missionaries. And now, if I live, the wanderer shall return. A bright star seems to point to the land of my nativity, where I can *work* for God.

"We have the prospect of sailing to northern climes in a month or so. I have to pray a great deal; for perhaps the cup of hope may be dashed from my lips, and I may yet be called to part for ever from my beloved ones far away. But God's grace is sufficient for me. I know I should not fail of happiness, even if the 'king of terrors' should send a message for me now. Let the circumstances be ever so trying, I never, never can think of Harriet Newell's death, triumphant as it was, amid deep suffering, without taking new courage, and putting more confident trust in my adorable Redeemer.

"Pray for yours in kind remembrance,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

"April 16th, on board 'The Falconer.' The term of my sojourn in a distant land has expired, and I am again on the mighty deep, wending my way back to the home of my nativity, the scenes I love so well. Our missionary efforts in South America have not been prosperous. Perhaps future operations, when the field is riper, will be more so.

"In looking back upon the life I led there, I wonder if the disciplinary providences I experienced will have an influence upon my future path, when again surrounded by familiar scenes and occupations. Methinks I was led there purposely to suffer; to learn the virtue of *endurance*. I am afraid I anticipate too much, leaving my crosses behind me, and having things more agreeable to my wishes hereafter. O how deceitful is my heart! I cannot trust myself: I am so fearful in having a planning of my affairs in life. Sorrow is the cup I expect to be placed to my lips, in the natural course of things, unless the almighty arm of the Lord interposes and espouses my cause.

"Sunday, April 24th, on board 'The Falconer.' One week I have been kept with my purpose unwavering, and my efforts unceasing to render to God, my God, the unlimited devotion of my heart. I feel this sabbath morning, while I have been struggling against the spirit of apathy which besets me on board this vessel, that the Lord hears me when I call unto him.

"Saturday, May 7th. Probably my last night on board—my last night at sea—and the last night an exile from my native land! Land is in sight! I view, contrary to my hopes or expectations, the country of my birth, of my affections, and of my religious privileges. To-morrow is the sabbath: and O that I may keep it as a day of thanksgiving!

With it I hope to experience deliverance from the sickening accompaniments of a sea voyage, and a safe and joyful resting place for my feet.

"O my Saviour! and how is my heart disposed toward thee? Methinks I love thee well; but condescend to come nearer with thy precious assurance that thy strength shall be made perfect in my weakness. Go with me to the abode of my loved ones, who anxiously await our coming. Panoply me with wisdom, with self-denial, with endurance. And O appoint to my dear husband that lot which will best subserve his spiritual interests!"

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Howard appointed, by the New-York Conference, to Durham, Conn., as a traveling preacher—Letters and diary of Mrs. Howard—Her happiness—Longings after usefulness—Their removal to Fairfield, New-York—Declining health—Gloomy anticipations—Her last letter to her parents.

In the month of May the New-York Conference met in New-York, and appointed Mr. Howard to Durham, Conn., as a traveling preacher. Mrs. Howard therefore remained at home with her parents and friends in New-York but four weeks, after an absence of a year and a half, when she was called to another sphere.

The following paragraph was written by her in view of her husband's appointment to labor in Connecticut :—

"May 29th. The Almighty God has disposed of circumstances so as to meet my earnest desires and hopes. My husband is appointed to a station on a circuit. I have thought I could be willing to undertake the trials and difficulties of a pastor's wife : whether I am prepared or not, God is about to give me the trial."

Shortly after their arrival in Durham, the same contented spirit, happy under all circumstances, because all were viewed as *providentially sent*, prompted her to write the following letter to her parents :—

"DURHAM, Conn., June 14th, 1842.

"BELOVED PARENTS,—Here we are safely moored in Durham, and happy, very happy we are. Our journey here could not have been pleasanter. I am, as usual with me, at home among strangers; but these strangers I can at once embrace as brothers and sisters. Mother, dear, I keep thinking *why* does the Lord indulge me so ? It appears to me he is going to make us useful and holy, as a traveling minister, and a traveling minister's wife.

"Durham is a neat, pretty place ; and these dear people are kind-hearted and prayerful. I

never experienced before the bondage of being public property; but to me it is a most blessed bondage. Our friends seem to think that we have not much to do with temporal *cares*, so they have arranged everything to our hand.

"I am almost scared at the staring opportunities I have around me for a feeble woman to do good. I see no avenue of escape for one who has received so much as I have from the Lord. She *must work*—she must labor for souls. But I have got to set myself apart, and consecrate myself more than ever to the Lord. I long to be holy—nothing else can prepare me for my Master's service.

"Our sweet babe, Emma Bertha, is wonderfully changed. She is a happy, good little creature. Adieu. S. H."

TO MRS. B.

"DURHAM, Conn., June 27th, 1842.

"MY BELOVED SISTER,—Well now you ask, 'How *do* you get along?' All is still exceedingly pleasant and promising. I am regularly keeping house with a most able assistant, and my beloved husband has no business to attend to but that for which he is so well qualified, namely, the service of the sanctuary.

"My female prayer meeting, which was commenced last Tuesday, was attended with the

blessing of God. It was an interesting season. All Christians here are as one heart, mourning over backslidings, and resolving upon a holier career. I long for the presence of father and mother, and you and N., to add the weight of your influence to our devotional exercises. I have great faith in the prayers of *our family*. My health is at present good. We manage our little household affairs with real delight.

"Yours ever,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

TO MRS. P. P.

"DURHAM, Conn., Aug. 25th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SISTER P.,—My heart tells me that you are still anxiously striving to be fruitful in every good word and work, and therefore I make no apology for thus introducing myself to you in this form. You know the lovers of Jesus have guides and teachers invisible to the natural eye; they are intrusted with the secret of the Lord; and the influence that impels me to write to you now assures me also that your heart will be glad to hear from me, and will yearn to impart holy counsel and spiritual nourishment. I want a faithful correspondent, one who walks in the ways of holiness—who aims at perfect obedience—who loves with a sanctified nature. Will you listen to my call, and talk with me with that

pen which has long been zealous and successful in the cause of God?

"Since my residence in Durham, in view of my heavy responsibilities—in view of God's willingness to make me useful—in view of his exceeding loving kindness in settling me in this pleasant pasturage, I have made a new, solemn, and entire surrender of myself and my all to God; and again I can look up to *my* heavenly Father as my covenant God: and to Jesus as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

"But I had been told that none had been known here as a witness of God's power to save to the *uttermost;* but God gave me the evidence, so bright, so clear, one sabbath morning, at quarterly meeting, that I arose and declared it to the whole church. And ever since I have been active and fearless in acknowledging the victories of grace, and the cleansing efficacy of Jesus's blood. But, dear sister P., while I rejoice I tremble. But I am constrained to speak as plainly as I can, and even to teach all that I experimentally know of the doctrines of holiness.

"You cannot, I suppose, surrounded as you are by those who know no other language or spirit, realize how I am conscious of such a cross in this. Why here it is. I am willing and determined, but nature shrinks from setting myself

upon a hill, the conspicuous object of remark. But how glad I am that, as a *minister's wife*, I have a commission to act faithfully! O will you not pray for the one whom you and sister L. led, and nourished, and brought up in the road to holiness; that, being thrust into God's vineyard, she may be bold to take up, firm to sustain, the consecrated cross?

"Please write to me, dear sister P., and tell me, that I may be strengthened in my ways, of your victories, your success, your lengths and breadths, in the increasing knowledge of God. Tell me how to do my duties acceptably, and what I must do. And may the Lord lead you so to instruct and edify my soul that I may water others, and in turn be made a blessing.

"Yours, in Christian love,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

In the fall of this year, by the advice of friends and the approbation of the bishop, Mr. Howard left Durham to take charge of the academy at Fairfield, New-York, where he could also make himself useful in preaching frequently.

Mrs. Howard, as has been partially seen in the course of these letters, suffered in her health while in South America. A dear brother and minister, connected with that mission, (Rev. John Dempster,) thus speaks of her while there:—

"During the residence of Mrs. Howard at that post, she suffered severely in her health, so as to be for many months unable to leave her chamber. Here, though far from the large and affectionate circle of her kindred and Christian friends, she was so patient in her sufferings, and so sweet in her resignation, as to be admired by all who visited her. When sufficiently restored, she lost no opportunity of doing good in a more active manner. So fervent and benignant was her Christian spirit, as to render her intercourse with her new associates deeply and favorably impressive. Indeed, the fervor of her prayers, the wisdom of her counsel, and the mild light of her spotless example, shed over her circle a hallowed influence which long survived the time of her departure.

"Of this benign and living influence, the superintendent of the mission had an intimation on his voyage with Mr. and Mrs. Howard from New-York to South America. Though her suffering from sea-sickness did not entirely cease through the whole passage, she endured it with the most unruffled calmness, and was often found breathing the spirit of her Master by some seasonable remarks in the rough bosom of the sailor, and raising her voice in social prayer, when, evening and morning, we offered up our supplications on the deck."

In connection with this beautiful tribute to her worth and notice of her illness, it may be added, that she returned to New-York with greatly-impaired health. Her disease reduced her to a state of great debility, from which she never recovered. She seldom complained of this. Indeed, it is difficult to discover it from her letters, except when disease throws a gloomy shadow over her mind.

In a letter to her mother, dated Fairfield, N. Y., Dec. 13th, 1842, she says:—

"You know, mother, I am sometimes of a melancholy turn, and it is constitutional with me to look forward with fearful apprehensions. I am busily engaged in domestic duties. It is *profitable* for me, though tiresome, to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. How thankful I am for *present* health of mind, and comparative health of body! Pray for me, that I may be kept so; for you know no religion can shield me or save me from the doom of woman's existence. . . . . I wish I had J.'s hopeful and cheerful constitution. But such as I am God made me, and all I want is to be as clay in the hands of the potter. Write to me, dearest mother, and enliven my path this winter.

"Yours for ever, my dearest mother,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

Again, February 1st, 1843, she says :—

"My Dearest Mother,—Your last cheered my heart abundantly. I have not had even a short season of low-spiritedness since. O how I bless God! He is good, very good to me, mother; so much so, that I can well trust to the future. My health appears good. I am determined to believe the Lord will carry me through all things. It is a great comfort and relief to me thus to express all my feelings unrestrained to you, dear mother."

TO HER FATHER.

"Fairfield, March 25th, 1843.

"My Dearest Father,—Your letter was indeed a cordial. How long, long since I had seen your dear hand-writing! Not since that period when I was experiencing the sorrows and trials of exile in a distant land.

"We were gratified by your account of the Chinese missionary, (Mrs. Gutzlaff,) and of the little blind girls she brought with her to be educated. I hope the Lord will prosper this benevolent act.

"The last of March has come, and with it the close of this term of the academy. Mr. Howard has just got through a weight of care that devolved upon him at the end of the term, and now an invitation has come for him to commence a

protracted meeting four miles off, and thither has he now bent his steps.

"We are all enjoying good spirits, and endeavoring to live for heaven. I love you both for praying for me. J.'s letter has left a sweet savor upon my mind.

"Your ever-loving daughter,

"SUSAN HOWARD."

On the 23d of April she wrote her *last letter* to her parents. Her health continued to decline, and in her critical and delicate situation at this time she had serious forebodings of an unfavorable issue. She writes, "I can scarcely take nourishment enough to keep me from starving; and my old complaint (dysentery) is struggling hard to get its former hold upon me. Now, dear, dear mother, can you wonder that my soul is disquieted within me at times? It was a dark day the day I received your letter. Turn which way I would, there appeared no light, hope, or comfort for me. The prospect of separation from my dear husband and family was the only thing that haunted me. O how hard it is to bear the cross when we have not submission! But your kind letter came, and it caused me to feel the tenderness of my heavenly Father afresh: I permitted myself to hope in his mercy, and consolation flowed abundantly. . . . .

"If I had nothing to do I should be a prey to melancholy—so aptly does Bunyan portray me in his character of poor 'Feeble-mind.' It often comforts me to reflect on Feeble-mind's last end; when many of the pilgrims who had fought valiantly in life were almost overwhelmed by the billows of Jordan, he was carried triumphantly above the waters, and sung rejoicing till he gained the other side: So may we all hope."

CHAPTER VIII.

Birth of another daughter—Named Susan Howard—Visit to her parents in New-York—Her health continues to fail—Goes to Tarrytown—Returns home to Fairfield—Rapid decline—Resignation and spiritual enjoyment—Triumphant death—Conclusion.

On the 1st of May, 1843, Mrs. Howard gave birth to a daughter, which took the mother's name. About four weeks after she was able to visit her parents and relatives in New-York. Her health was still very feeble, and she continued to fail rapidly from that time. About the beginning of July she went to Tarrytown, by the advice of her physician, who thought she might be benefited by a change of air.

Her faithful and affectionate sister and counselor in many conflicts, Mrs. B., was with her

at Tarrytown, and was the last of the family who saw her. She had now parted from her mother and father, and her other sister and brothers, *for ever*, as, in the providence of God, it turned out to be.

One little incident recorded by Mrs. B. deserves to be noticed. "I had been absent from her room a short time," she relates, "when I sent my little son up to see if she was asleep. But he soon returned, saying, 'No, mother, she is singing—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;"

and she looks so sweet and happy, mother, I wish you could see her.' This was after she had passed through powerful temptation. Grace was thus manifestly triumphant."

She adds, "When I left her at Tarrytown she was more comfortable in body than she had been; still I had my fears whether I should ever see her again."

About a week after her sister was obliged to part with her, Mrs. Howard was taken to her home at Fairfield by her husband. She lingered but a few weeks after this, daily growing more feeble in body.

She had for several weeks been seriously impressed with the idea that she could not recover; and occasionally her struggles were severe in

making a full and final surrender of her beloved family and all that was dear to her in the world. Nature rebelled at the prospect; "but that heavenly monitor which had so long been her abiding guest rallied her sinking heart, and showed her the victories of the cross: and again she triumphed in redeeming grace."

At one time while in New-York, in view of all her afflictions, she said to her mother, "O, mother, I feel so tempted to think hard of God; I cannot feel willing to die." Her mother replied, "This is but a temptation of the enemy. Pray, my child, and I am sure the Lord will deliver you." All that day she was much engaged in prayer, and the next morning she said, with a glowing countenance, "All is peace, mother, and I feel perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord." When reminded, in a similar trouble, that "Jesus's love was stronger than death," "Yes," said she, "that's it—*stronger than death!*" and her faith increased until she was fully delivered from all fear and temptation.

The brief period between her return home and her final departure gave daily evidence of her approaching dissolution. Her husband writes that "she bore her journey far better than we could have anticipated. I designed to have her remain at Little Falls till thoroughly rested, but the morning after our arrival she besought me in

the most plaintive manner to 'let her go home.' I therefore procured an easy carriage, and she bore this part of the journey surprisingly well, and for about twelve hours after her health and strength appeared to be decidedly improved."

She however suffered a relapse—her former complaint returned with increased violence—and as she could not bear anything of a tonic character, she constantly grew weaker. The most skillful and experienced physicians were procured, but all human aid was baffled. The primary cause of her disease was pronounced to be "a chronic inflammation of the alimentary canal." Several attacks of paralysis of the limbs succeeded; and on the 7th of August she was afflicted with a more serious attack, which at once dispelled all hopes of her recovery, and indicated a speedy change.

The same letter of her husband, speaking of this, says, "It was with the utmost difficulty that she could articulate the smallest words. She has said but two or three words since the attack."

To a Christian friend who was frequently with her during her last illness, Mrs. L., she expressed no desire either to live or die, but simply that the will of the Lord should be done. She said she had had an impression for some time past that she should never recover.

One morning Rev. Mr. L. visited her, and said, "You don't appear so well as when I saw you last." She replied, "No, I am much weaker; I have been anxious to see you."

Attempting to encourage her, Mr. L. said, "Well, sister, don't be dispirited; I hope you and Mrs. L. will yet be able to enjoy yourselves together, if it is the pleasure of God."

She replied, "*If it were the pleasure of God I should enjoy it*, but I have no expectation of getting up again."

"Have you peace within—have you strong confidence in God?"

"Yes, I am entirely resigned to the will of God. O, brother L.," she continued, "I had a very hard struggle while at home to become reconciled to die. I believe for a while I felt *angry* at God, because I could not live and enjoy my family, and the comforts of the world, as well as others. But I found it was wrong to feel so. I resolved to trust in the Saviour, and he would enable me to be resigned to the will of the Lord. And I asked myself, 'Can I not trust in the Saviour? *Can I trust in him now?* Yes, I can;' and from that moment I felt a peace that I cannot describe. And ever since, the beauties of the heavenly world have been so clearly before my mind that I cannot doubt the goodness of God."

Mr. L. felt her pulse and her hands, and said,

"They have a cold and clammy feeling which I do not like."

"Yes," said Mrs. Howard, "they feel bad; *but it will all be well.*"

After passing through the dreadful paralysis which seemed for a while to threaten dissolution, she said to her physician, "It is an *awful thing* to meet the king of terrors, but it is *glorious* to have the evidence of our acceptance with God." She then entreated him to seek the favor of God, that pearl of great price, "that he might be a minister of peace to the sick and the dying."

She also described the abundant entrance which God had administered to her. "I see," said she, "the broad land of Canaan, that glorious inheritance which has been purchased for me. *It is all mine*, and I have no desire to stay *here;* heaven has more powerful charms than earth."

Thus was the Lord preparing her for that happy home to which her faith and her hopes had constantly aspired, with few seasons of exceptions, in all her Christian life.

On the 8th of August Mr. Howard wrote to the parents of Mrs. H. as follows:—

"The most melancholy duty which I was ever called to perform devolves upon me this morning. It is to announce—not that Susan is no more—but that we feel she is never to recover.

Until yesterday noon, hardly an hour elapsed without our alternations of hope and fear. But now we have not an expectation of a favorable issue.

"Early yesterday afternoon I asked her if she felt that God loved her. She answered with a very expressive look and nod of assent.

"'Do you feel that you love God?' I also asked, and she replied, with the utmost distinctness, 'VERY MUCH.'

"Presently I asked her if she thought she should ever get well, and she shook her head.

"About midnight, when I had just disappeared to light a spirit-lamp, she called for me aloud by name; and when I darted into the room, she said, '*Come here.*' She had before expressed anxiety not to die when I was absent from her bed-side. These were the last words she ever spoke. She at that time put her arm (the one not affected) around my neck, and, when I put my lips to hers, she kissed me. But she has since hardly noticed anything."

The letter of Mr. Howard was here broken off, and the remainder of the sheet was filled by Mr. L., and was addressed to the father of Mrs. Howard.

"DEAR SIR,—At the request of brother Howard, I communicate the mournful intelligence that

your daughter has gone to her rest. She departed this life this afternoon, (August 8th, 1843,) at half past one o'clock, without a struggle or a groan.

"The physicians consider the paralytic attack the immediate cause of her death. She has not appeared to suffer much pain during her illness, and before her death she said she had no pain. She possessed her reason to the last; but for some time she was unable to speak. The funeral is to take place to-morrow at two o'clock, P. M.

"You may rest fully assured, dear sir, that your daughter has gone to the land of the blessed—to the paradise of God. I conversed with her closely, and at some length. She gave the most satisfactory evidence of divine acceptance. She was perfectly resigned to her situation, and desired to depart and be with Christ."

Thus ended triumphantly, at the age of twenty-eight, a life checkered with many struggles—of hopes and fears, and chastened by severe trials and afflictions. But God tempered his winds to the shorn lamb. Mrs. Howard never lost her confidence in his goodness, under all the afflictive providences through which she passed. It was her heart's desire to be an active and zealous disciple in the cause of her blessed Master. She burned for the cause of missions, and to be a

faithful missionary's wife. But in the providence of God she was called to be an affecting example of *suffering* the will of the Lord, rather than an active champion in the more aggressive spirit of Christian duty. This pure and holy light of her life shone sweetly and brightly to the last; and now that God, whose smile was her greatest happiness on earth, and whose frown was her greatest sorrow, has taken her gentle spirit into his own glorious presence, to be an angel of light in his courts for ever.

Her remains were deposited in the Protestant Episcopal burial-ground, in Fairfield, Herkimer county, New-York. A funeral sermon was preached on the occasion to a very large congregation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, iii, 33: "For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

It is not necessary to say anything further in conclusion upon the Christian character of Mrs. Howard. This is sufficiently exhibited in the free spirit of her letters and journal; and it was thought better to let her speak in her own words, as they were written, warm from the heart.

The following lines, by a brother of Mrs. Howard, were written without any view of publication. The allusion to his departed sister Harriet is touchingly beautiful.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HOWARD.

A pilgrim on this weary earth,
With heart too pure for human bliss;
She waited but her Father's voice,
To bid her in his home rejoice,
And leave this vale of tears.

Sorrow and suffering on her brow
Had mantled earthly hopes and joys;
And God himself, with chastening hand,
Prepared her for that heavenly land,
The weary pilgrim's home.

No mother's tears, in death's dark hour,
Wept on the cheek their sad farewell;
No father's deep-toned voice was there,
Lifted to God in earnest prayer;
She pass'd away alone.

No, not alone, though human hearts
That loved her dearly were away;
An angel spirit from above
Descended, clothed in heavenly love,
And whisper'd, "*Sister, come!*

"In realms of light thy home shall be,
All darkness, with its gloomy reign,
And sorrow, shall thy pathway flee,
And endless joy thy portion be,
My cherish'd sister, come."

The hour came—Death claim'd his own,
And her pure spirit pass'd away;
But not alone—for hand in hand
The sisters rose, to join the band
Of seraphs round the throne.